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WESSEX



ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

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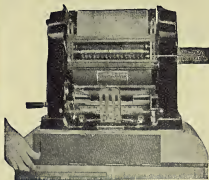
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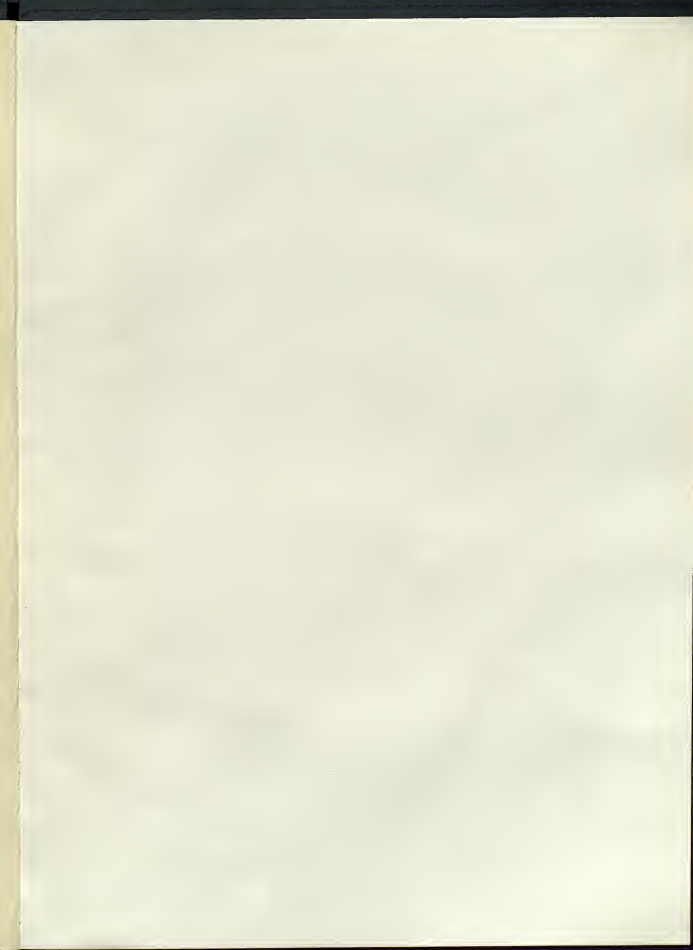


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THE MADONNA OF THE COTTON FIELDS, by Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., A.R.A.
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WESSEX

An Annual Record
of the Movement for a
University of Wessex

Vol. IV No. 1

Published by
The Pilgrim Press Ltd.
for
University College, Southampton
1937

NOTICES

WESSEX is designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX based on University College, Southampton, and also to provide an Annual Review of Intellectual Affairs for the district. It is published annually in May.

THE ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION IS ONE SHILLING AND NINEPENCE. WESSEX will be sent post free to all subscribers. Application should be made to the Pilgrim Press, Ltd., 1 Holmesdale Terrace, Sandgate Road, Folkestone, or to the Secretary, University College, Southampton, or to any bookseller. It can be purchased from booksellers for One Shilling and Sixpence (Post free 1/9). In return for a subscription of 10/6 (ten shillings and sixpence), WESSEX will be sent post free for SIX YEARS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS consisting of Articles, Stories, Poems or Drawings should be sent to the Editor, Professor V. DE S. PINTO, University College, Southampton. They should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. All MSS. should be typewritten. Neither the Editor nor the University College are responsible for opinions expressed in signed articles or reviews.

PUBLISHERS and AUTHORS of books connected in any way with Wessex are invited to send copies for review to the Editor, University College, Southampton.

A FEW COPIES of the first nine Numbers of WESSEX are still available. They can be obtained on application to the Secretary, WESSEX, University College, Southampton.

A TITLE PAGE AND INDEX for the THIRD VOLUME of WESSEX (1934-1936) is now ready. Possessors of the three numbers which form the volume (1934, 1935 and 1936) can obtain the Title page and Index on application to the Editor. Applications should be accompanied by sixpence in stamps to defray cost of printing and postage. A uniform binding can also be supplied on application to the Editor. Title pages and indexes for the two earlier volumes of WESSEX are also available.

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Wessex

An Annual Record of the Movement for
a University of Wessex

VOL. IV No. 1

7TH MAY, 1937

WESSEX, 1937

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE University Grants Committee has officially recognized the great development of University College, Southampton, during the last five years by increasing the annual Treasury Grant to the College from £15,000 to £20,000. The Committee has also made a special non-recurring grant of £8,000 towards the provision of a new refectory as part of the permanent buildings, on condition that a further £2,000 shall be raised from other donors to cover the complete cost of the building. It is hoped that all who care for the cause of University work in the Wessex area will subscribe towards this vitally important part of the College building scheme. The old temporary refectory buildings have done yeoman service since the War, but they are utterly inadequate for present needs. Indeed, it is reported that it is impossible to work in the kitchen any longer. It is imperative that a well-equipped, modern refectory should be constructed at the earliest possible date, and private donors have a magnificent chance of co-operating with the State to help their local University institution.

* * * * *

Important negotiations concerning the future of technical education at Southampton and the improvement of facilities provided for this purpose at University College have recently been brought to a successful close. We are very grateful to the Principal for contributing to this number of WESSEX a full and authoritative account of the negotiations and their significance.

WESSEX

University College has suffered a heavy loss in the deaths of three senior and distinguished members of its staff since the publication of the last issue of WESSEX. Professor E. W. Patchett, for many years Head of the Department of Modern Languages, died suddenly on 2nd June, 1936; Professor R. C. J. Howland, Head of the Department of Mathematics since 1931, died on 16th August, 1936, and Mr. A. E. Clarence Smith, senior lecturer in Physical Chemistry and one of the most distinguished research workers in the Faculty of Science, died on 16th September, 1936. Memoirs of these three fine scholars and notable teachers will be found in the present issue of WESSEX.

* * * * *

Professor Patchett was succeeded at the beginning of last session by Professor A. M. Boase, formerly lecturer in French at the University of Sheffield. The Marshall Chair of French in the University of Glasgow has now been offered to him and has been accepted, and he will go to take up his new duties next October. Professor Boase has only been at College a short time, but he has earned the respect and affection of his colleagues and pupils. His wide intellectual and aesthetic interests, his frankness and his sincerity, have enabled him to make a real contribution to college life during the session that he has spent with us. We wish him good luck in his work at Glasgow.

* * * * *

We are glad to be able to announce that Dr. H. W. Lawton has been appointed to succeed Professor Boase as Professor of Modern Languages. Dr. Lawton has been lecturer in French at University College for eleven years. He is one of the most popular and able members of the academic staff. His contributions to the development of the College have included not only his vigorous and original teaching, but also his memorable achievement as the first Warden of Connaught Hall, together with a variety of other services, of which by no means the least has been his devoted work for this periodical. He has been Art Editor of WESSEX since its foundation in 1928, but his services have gone far beyond his excellent choice and arrangement of illustrations.

* * * * *

A Conference of Headmasters and Business Men on the subject of Careers was held at Connaught Hall on 3rd and 4th July, 1936. There were two sessions, at which the discussions were opened by Sir Robert Waley Cohen and the Headmaster of Winchester, respectively, and the proceedings were summarized at the end by Professor Betts. The Conference considered various problems arising from the relations between industry and commerce on the one hand and schools and Universities on the other. A great number of interesting and valuable suggestions were made whereby more regular and efficient recruitment for industry and commerce from the universities and the schools might be secured. The Appointments Board of University College is following up a number of the suggestions made at this Conference by headmasters and business men for bringing the schools, firms and Colleges into closer contact for the better organization of the supply of young men and boys for business and industrial careers. A full report of the proceedings of the Conference has been published and can be obtained from the Registrar.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The third Anglo-French Summer School was held at the College from 25th July to 8th August, 1936, and was attended by about 220 English head teachers, and about 55 French teachers. The distinguishing features were Courses for head teachers only, a joint session of English and French teachers, and special courses on Art, Architecture and Music. The courses for English head teachers evoked a warm letter of congratulation from the Board of Education. The joint session was greatly enjoyed, and its success was largely due to the brilliant lectures delivered in English, by Monsieur Louis Chaffurin, who contributed to the last issue of *WESSEX*. There was a course on contemporary English literature conducted by Professor Pinto, and another (following the precedent of the previous years) on the main currents of contemporary political thought in England, to which contributions were made by representatives of various political parties. Professor Betts took the Chair at this Course and delivered a summary of the whole on the concluding day. The College was fortunate in securing the services of the Director of the National Gallery, Mr. Kenneth Clark, to give the opening lecture on Contemporary British Art. A most interesting loan exhibition of old and modern pictures was held at College to illustrate this course, and its success was largely due to the generous help given to the Director by Messrs. Agnew. A short article on the exhibition by the Art Editor of *WESSEX* appears in the present issue, and we are very glad to be able to reproduce two of the most notable pictures that were exhibited, "The Madonna of the Cotton Fields," by Dame Laura Knight, and "Gwen Ffrangon Davies as Queen Elizabeth" by Mr. Walter Sickert. We wish to thank the artists, and Mr. Oliver Brown, the owner of the picture by Mr. Sickert, for their kind permission to reproduce these paintings. The College owes a very great debt to Professor Cock, the Director, whose enthusiasm and organizing ability have made the Southampton Vacation Courses so successful. He has had the valuable co-operation on this as on previous occasions of Miss S. E. Davies and various members of the Board of Education Inspectorate, as well as by permanent officials of the Southampton, Hampshire and neighbouring local Education Authorities.

* * * * *

It has been felt for some time by members of the Staff and students that some opportunity should be provided in College for the study and appreciation of pictorial art. There is a Department of Music and an Architectural Society, but hitherto students have had little chance of seeing good pictures or of acquiring any knowledge of the history of painting. In order to remedy this defect, a Wessex University Art Club was formed at a meeting held in February. The new club proposes to organize at least one lecture on painting every winter in conjunction with the Public Lectures Committee, an exhibition of work by members of the College and their friends in the Summer term, outings to famous collections, and sketching parties. The first function organized by the club was an illustrated lecture by Mr. W. Dring, of the Southampton School of Art, who is well known in the district both as a painter and a teacher. Mr. Dring dealt with the Development of Landscape Painting in a brilliantly witty and trenchant discourse which delighted a large audience. Membership of the Wessex University Art Club is open both to members of the College and to other residents in the district. Full particulars can be obtained from Miss E. M. Stallard, the Secretary, at University College.

WESSEX

There has been an interesting response to an appeal made by Professor Pinto last Autumn in the columns of *Wessex News* for the provision of some good reproductions of famous pictures to hang in classrooms. With characteristic generosity Dr. Montefiore, the former President of the College, sent a donation with which it was possible to buy three good coloured reproductions of famous examples of English landscape art. The students and staff of the Department of English have subscribed among themselves sufficient to buy and frame a Medici Print of the "Portrait of a Man," by Giorgione, and similar subscriptions are being raised in other departments. A very fine example of the art of the nineteenth century Southampton painter F. L. Bridell called "Ancient Carthage" has been presented to the College by Miss Waller of Stratton House, Micheldever.

There has been a marked increase in the number of overseas students in the College during the Session, due partly to arrangements made by the British Council to facilitate the entrance of foreign students into English universities. During this session no less than seventeen students from foreign countries and British possessions overseas have been reading for the Cambridge Certificate for Proficiency in English at University College, Southampton. They have come from Germany, Latvia, Norway, Esthonia, Denmark, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Portugal, Uruguay, Malta, Argentina, Poland, Cyprus and Finland. Among those who were not taking the certificate were visitors from Yugoslavia, China and Burma. In order to help these overseas students to participate in English social life, a Cosmopolitan Club has been organized by English students of the College, with the assistance of certain members of the staff, under the presidency of Mr. F. W. Cook, a graduate student of the College. The Club has already done most valuable work, and its Sunday evening meetings, at the South Western Hotel, have been greatly appreciated both by its foreign and by its British members. The Cosmopolitan Club has been assisted in a most generous way by the Southampton Rotary Club, and Round Table, which have not only helped to provide entertainments at the Sunday evening meetings, but have also arranged a number of interesting excursions for the overseas students. The geographical situation of University College, Southampton, should mark it out as one of the English University institutions which is peculiarly well adapted for the needs of foreign students visiting this country.

Mr. H. J. Tomlinson has resigned from the Staff, after serving the College for over thirty years as a lecturer in physics; during part of the time he acted as head of the department. He has retired before the normal age, so as to devote himself to those interests of his which have surprised many by their variety, but which are all connected with his appreciation of beauty in nature and handicrafts. Fortunately, he has not gone far from us, and he still interests himself in the fortunes of the students and of the department.

Mr. L. G. Carpenter, who came to the College eleven years ago, also a lecturer in physics, has left to go to the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, to direct research on instruments. A great part of his time and energy was devoted to organising and directing research, chiefly on thermal problems. The value of his work was

NOTES AND COMMENTS

recognized by the award of a grant by the Government Department of Scientific and Industrial Research to provide him for this year with an assistant. Mr. Carpenter brought with him a connection with an electrical concern, which he has fostered, and which has resulted in some of their research being done in the department of Physics at University College.

* * * * *

Dr. Howell, a spectroscopist from Armstrong College, Newcastle, and Dr. George, an X-ray and acoustics specialist who was a Sorby Research Fellow at Sheffield University, have joined the staff of the Department of Physics this session.

* * * * *

Dr. Jehle, of Stuttgart, has joined the Physics Department in the capacity of Honorary Research Assistant to Professor K. Weissenberg, who continues his researches here. There are fourteen researchers in the Department of Physics this year, twelve engaged in experimental work and the two just mentioned, in theoretical physics. A research student was given a grant by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research for training in spectroscopy with Professor Menzies.

* * * * *

The new physical laboratory is growing, and the roof is in course of erection. It will probably be ready in time for transference during the next long vacation. We hope to be able to publish an illustrated account of this important new College building in the next issue of *WESSEX*.

* * * * *

Within the department of Zoology, perhaps the most outstanding event of the year is the beginning of post-graduate work. Mr. C. J. Banks, who last year finished successfully his B.Sc., Special in Zoology, has taken in hand entomological work in connection with fresh water biology. His intention is to secure the Ph.D. degree of London University. The special studies involved in his labours concern the habits, distribution and bionomics of the Corixidae, a family of fresh water bugs. Mr. Banks' work deals with their distribution within Hampshire and especially locally around Southampton.

* * * * *

The Avon Biological Research continues to increase its activities and the time has come when its future development must be considered. At this parting of the ways it will have to be decided whether to stop the work altogether or to place it on much firmer foundations. If finances increase the next important move will be the establishment of a laboratory on the River itself. The Avon is so rich in natural resources that it makes an ideal place for the prosecution of fresh water biological problems. Such a laboratory to deal with fresh water problems *on a river* is unique. Cambridge University has already Wray Castle *on a lake* (Windermere). The proposed new Avon Research Laboratory on the river will be complementary to Wray Castle. Both places will have plenty to do in the spheres of their respective researches. Starting within the Department with one worker—Dr. John Berry, as research officer under the supervision of the Professor as Director of

WESSEX

Research—the Avon work has steadily developed. When the Government stepped in with a grant to aid the research some time ago, we were enabled to secure the services of an additional research officer in the person of Mr. H. P. Moon, who has had considerable experience of fresh water ecology both at home and abroad. Mr. Moon is at present absent on leave for eight months, having been appointed by Cambridge University as ecologist to the Percy Sladen Expedition to Lake Titicaca in the Andes.

* * * * *

The Fourth Report of the Avon Survey has been published this year, and can be obtained from the Registrar, price 2/6. It is the most important report hitherto issued by the Survey, and has been favourably commented upon in scientific circles, as well as by those who appreciate the work that the Survey is doing for fishing in general.

* * * * *

The plant collections in the Botany Department are being labelled with permanent lead labels. The majority of these labels, which are printed in the Botany Laboratory, show both the name of the plant and the Family to which it belongs, and thus add considerably to the educational value of the collections.

* * * * *

Additional facilities for laboratory work in plant physiology have been provided, and have enabled the teaching in this rapidly developing branch of Botany to be carried on under better conditions. It is hoped that before long it may be found practicable to establish a full lectureship in Plant Physiology.

* * * * *

Under the new regulations of the Pharmaceutical Society, students working for the Preliminary Scientific Examination now attend day courses of instruction in Biology, Physics and Chemistry. A new Textbook of Biology for such students is being prepared by Professor S. Mangham and Mr. A. R. Hockley, and is expected to appear in time for the next session.

* * * * *

The Department of Chemistry is fortunate in having secured the assistance of Dr. A. Wassermann, of University College, London, to lecture in physical chemistry, pending the appointment of a successor to the late Mr. A. E. Clarence Smith. Mr. J. E. C. Topps has also been appointed as a Demonstrator in the Department.

* * * * *

Plans for a new Chemical laboratory are well advanced, and it is hoped that an early start will be made with this very important addition to the Scientific equipment of the College.

* * * * *

We wish to extend a hearty welcome to Dr. H. S. Ruse, formerly lecturer in the University of Edinburgh, who has been appointed to the Chair of Mathematics in succession to the late Professor Howland.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Mr. D. Pedoe, Demonstrator in the Department of Mathematics, has been awarded the Ph.D. degree of the University of Cambridge, for a thesis entitled "The Exceptional Curves on an Algebraic Surface."

* * * * *

The resignation of Professor O. H. T. Rishbeth, Head of the Department of Geography, was announced at the beginning of the Session. Professor Rishbeth's retirement is due to a serious illness. His colleagues and former pupils will all wish him a speedy and complete recovery. A short appreciation of Professor Rishbeth's valuable services to his department and to the College is contributed to the present issue of *Wessex* by Miss F. C. Miller, the acting Head of the Department.

* * * * *

Miss K. C. Boswell, lecturer in the Department of Geography, has been awarded the degree of M.Sc., by the University of London for a thesis on "The Relationship of Southampton with its various Hinterlands."

* * * * *

Aeronautics is now being studied by an increasing number of students entering the Department of Engineering. In order to meet this demand, Mr. T. Tanner has been appointed as full time lecturer in aeronautics in the Department. In conjunction with the Professor of Engineering, Mr. Tanner has got into touch with most of the aircraft firms in the district. The facilities for the study of this subject leading to Part II of the London Final Examination in Engineering now compare very favourably with those provided by any other provincial University institution.

* * * * *

Lectures upon the silencing of motor transport vehicles have been delivered by the Professor of Engineering in London and a number of provincial centres. Work on this problem is still in hand, but is now going beyond the range of the comparatively simple apparatus which it has been possible to provide in the Engineering Department.

* * * * *

Plans have been prepared for the establishment, in the Department of Engineering, of a regular full-time course to prepare Engineer-Officers of the Merchant Navy for their various Board of Trade certificates.

* * * * *

Dr. P. Ford, Head of the Department of Economics, has been appointed Recorder of Section F (Economics and Statistics) of the British Association. The Department has continued its work on the number of retail shops and the problem of licensing, and the results have been published in the *Economic Journal* and elsewhere. The work of the Department in this direction has aroused much interest in government circles. The first part of Dr. Ford's Leverhulme research work has been published in the *Economic Journal*. Dr. Ford and his Department are to be congratulated on an achievement which is of both scientific and practical value.

* * * * *

Professor Perry Miller, of the Department of History and Literature in the University of Harvard, visited the Department of English on 11th January and

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lectured on "Seventeenth Century Nonconformism in England and America." His learned analysis of early English and American puritanism was much appreciated by students and teachers of the Departments of English and History. It will be recalled that the English Department was visited last year by Professor K. Murdock, Dean of the Faculty of Arts at Harvard University. Both these visits were arranged by the American Universities Union in London, and they have formed a valuable link between the College and the oldest American University.

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Professor V. de S. Pinto, Head of the Department of English, visited the University of Liège in Belgium in April, 1937, and delivered three lectures on Contemporary English Literature to the English Seminar in that University. This visit was made under the auspices of the Fondation Universitaire Belge, which arranged for the visit of Professor V. Bohet, of the University of Liège, to Southampton last Spring. The Rector of the University gave a dinner in honour of Professor Pinto's visit, to which the British Consul and the professors of the Faculty of Letters were invited.

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Last October the Hogarth Press published Mr. Leishman's third volume of verse translations from the German of Rainer Maria Rilke. This volume contains a masterly rendering of the *Sonnets to Orpheus* with a most interesting and valuable critical introduction. The German text is printed with Mr. Leishman's verse translations.

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The College Library has been particularly fortunate in receiving, through the generosity of Mrs. Patchett, a very large proportion of Professor Patchett's Library which has valuably augmented the French and German sections. Mrs. Clarence Smith has also deposited a number of her husband's books on loan, with permission for readers to use them on the same terms as books belonging to the College Library. The Times Publishing Company has also generously presented a run of some ten years of *The Times*, which will give the College a complete set from 1860 to the present day.

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Owing to these accessions and numerous other gifts, as well as the steady regular increase through purchases, the present shelving of the Edward Turner Sims Library is already proving inadequate for the needs of the College. The time has now come to proceed with the next stage in the fitting of the main reading room, the provision of projecting stacks capable of increasing very considerably the space for the accommodation of books. Each of these stacks will cost about 20 guineas, and it is to be hoped that they may be provided by the generosity of benefactors who wish to help the College in one of its most vitally important departments.

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Interesting developments in extra-mural work have taken place this session. In Southampton and Winchester, University Extension lecturing had been abandoned for some years. Last session an attempt was made to revive it at Southampton, and a successful course was given by Mr. R. A. Hodgson on "Banking, Purchasing

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Power and Credit Policy." In the Session 1936-1937 other courses were arranged. A series of ten lectures given by Professor Pinto on "Modern English Writers" in the Autumn at University College attracted audiences ranging from 80 to over 200. In the Spring term two courses were delivered concurrently. Dr. Potter gave ten lectures on "Our Language," and Professor Forsey ten on "The Ancient World." Both courses were very successful. This experiment proves conclusively that the College itself can be used as a valuable centre for University Extension work.

In Winchester, extension work has also been successfully revived. A course given there on "Modern English Writers," by Professor Pinto, attracted a group of 80 to 90 members, and the attendance averaged about 70. The prospects for continuing this work at Winchester next Session seem to be good.

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A course of University Extension lectures at Hamble by Mr. G. G. Dudley broke entirely new ground, as nothing of the kind ever seems to have been attempted there. Mr. Dudley's course has been a great success, and will probably be continued next year. Another advance in Extension Work has been made at Worthing, where a successful course on "Current International Affairs" was conducted this year by Mr. H. Boyden. This success was largely due to the efforts of Mr. J. R. Armstrong, the recently appointed Tutor Organizer in West Sussex. The courses which have been mentioned represent only a very small part of the activities of the Extra-Mural Department, which extend all over the Wessex area. It has been thought that it might interest readers of *WESSEX* to know something of this valuable service which the College is performing for the Wessex area, and a list of some of the principal Courses delivered in 1937 has therefore been included in the present issue. Through the work of Mr. John Parker, Secretary of the Department, the extra-mural department of the College has been brought to a state of efficiency which compares favourably with that of any other centre in the country.

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During the session 1936-37, 800 students have been enrolled in 130 Evening Classes, organized by the Board of Technical Studies and their Executive Officer, Mr. H. Teare Harry. More than 75 per cent of these students are enrolled in grouped courses, most of which require attendance at College on three evenings a week for a period of twenty-eight working weeks.

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In Engineering, four new courses have been organized: in Aviation (in preparation for Ground Engineers' Certificates A and C), in Post Office Telephony, in Motor Vehicle Electricity, and in Road Transport.

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A new day course has been organized to prepare students for the Preliminary Scientific Examination of the Pharmaceutical Society, which now requires that all candidates for that examination shall have attended a full-time course of thirty weeks in Chemistry, Physics and Biology, at an approved institution. It is to be hoped that the existence of the Halls of Residence may eventually attract students from a distance to prepare for this examination at University College, Southampton, since very few of the approved centres offer such facilities.

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In Engineering and Commerce the number of students preparing for external examinations is well up to the average, while in Science and Arts an increasing number are taking courses leading to a final degree.

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The Department of Navigation at South Hill has had a very successful session. The number of students has increased considerably, and new courses have been instituted. A certain amount of research work on navigation has been undertaken, and the Director of Navigational Studies has collaborated with the staff of H.M. Navigation School in the rewriting of the Admiralty Manuals of Navigation. The Department has been invited to attend conferences on Air Navigation held under the auspices of the Air Ministry. In this connection it is interesting to note that amongst the students enrolled this Session are officers of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, who have been given leave for the purpose of studying at South Hill. A further development is expected next Session when it is hoped to establish a residential Cadet Course. This will complete the function of South Hill, and enable University College to cover the education of the Merchant Naval officer from embryo cadet to Master Mariner.

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On Wednesday, 4th November, 1936, the French Players paid their annual visit to the College and performed *Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier*, by Emile Augier, in the afternoon and *Martine*, by J. J. Bernard, in the evening. These plays were a departure from the classic comedies of Molière and Beaumarchais which have been usually performed and were much appreciated by large audiences, including members of the College and parties from many schools in the neighbourhood.

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The Boat Club had bad luck in its fixtures. Bristol University, which usually gives us two races, was prevented by floods from practising this season; and King's College, London, could not put on a crew to meet us at Putney for our annual visit. The Fairbairn "Head of the River" race also fell through. The crews have, however, never been keener—often appearing on the river before breakfast in the middle of winter! The first eight had an easy victory at Putney, and, in an annual race at Reading, finished very close to Reading University, losing by only half a length. At the Henley A.U. regatta they had very bad luck in drawing the middle station of three in a very flooded Thames, when they lost to Reading University in the first heat. However, they recovered in the Reading "Head of the River" race, coming in sixth out of 24 crews, above some of the Oxford and Cambridge crews and only a second behind Oriel College, Oxford. The second crew, though fast in practice, failed to follow up their initial success at Putney and were disappointing in their two races at Henley. The third crew did creditably at Putney and (boldly essaying a "light ship") again at Reading. Both these boats have produced some promising material for next year. Lord Mottistone has generously presented the Club with a Challenge Cup, and if the present restrictions of the Amateur Rowing Association are modified, it is hoped to throw the race for the Cup open to all comers on the Itchen and Test. The Club has much to be grateful for in its coaches, Messrs. Ackroyd and Hiscock, who have been indefatigable all through a season that surely must have been the wettest on record.

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The Boxing and Rugger Clubs have both made interesting progress this session. Last year, owing to lack of accommodation, the Boxing Club was unable to take part in any matches. This year they have had a hut for training, and have made an excellent start by easily beating Bristol University. The Rugger Club has always been handicapped by lack of numbers as very few Rugger men come up. But now, it seems, there is a definite revival. For the first time in many years our Rugger team has beaten Exeter in the Universities Athletic Union Contest. Seventy-eight per cent of the men and fifty-five per cent of the women students have taken part in winter sports during this session. These figures take no account of the Fencing Club, the Swimming Club and the Women's Boat Club.

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We are celebrating the inauguration of the fourth volume of *Wessex* by changing the cover-design. Through the courtesy of that invaluable organ of College opinion, *Wessex News*, we were able to announce a competition for a new cover design for *WESSEX*, open to all members of the College. The prize was a bound copy of the last volume of *WESSEX*. The competition was won by Miss D. Marshall, a student reading for Honours in the Department of English, and we are very glad to be able to reproduce one of the three designs submitted by Miss Marshall on the cover of the present issue.

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We congratulate our Art Editor, not only on his election to a College Chair, but also on his masterly continuation of the series entitled *The Wessex Portrait Gallery*. We are also grateful to Professor Betts for providing the accompanying biography in medieval Latin (the appropriate language for the eminent medieval historian who is also Principal of University College, Southampton).

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WESSEX is deeply indebted to Mr. W. R. Kay, F.R.P.S., for the privilege of reproducing in the present issue two examples of his delicate photographic art, which has delighted so many visitors to the annual exhibitions of the Southampton Camera Club.

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For the first time in its history *WESSEX* publishes a complete one-act play. This very beautiful and distinguished piece of work is by Miss N. K. Turner, of Totton, an Extra-Mural student of the College. It has been produced (with an additional opening scene) on two occasions, once at Petersfield by the Southampton Repertory Society, and once by the same company in April, 1937, at the Grand Theatre Southampton, as a private performance for members of the Grand Repertory Players' Association. It is to be hoped that before long it will be acted at University College.

THINGS
TO COME



H.M.L.

THE WESSEX PORTRAIT GALLERY, NO. 2.

K. H. V.

PHILOSOPHI dicunt rem esse quod sit aut natura aut arte ; aliquando autem Providentia benevolentior dat hominibus aliquid eminentioris, suum esse habens ex utroque fonte ; hoc vero advenit in perfectione supranominati magistri ad principatum studii generalis Hantoniensis, quia non solum fungitur officio arte precellentis sed etiam, (uti Greci dicunt), φύσις est princeps qui honorem ornet.

Ingenium suum multiforme instructum est e quattuor cardinibus orbis : e stirpe occidentali in comitatu Gloucestræ ortus, ad partes orientales profectus est ad rudimenta trivii acquirenda in schola Undelensi ; ibi expertus dulcedinem scientie, et volens mergere totum corpus suum in ejus profundissimis, alumnus factus est collegii Exoniensis in universitate Oxoniensi, ubi statim versabatur in his disciplinis historicis quibus adhuc eminet. Que Oxonie didicit mox alibi docet modo Bristolis modo Londoniis ; post octo annos petit Novum Castrum ad partes boreales illuminandas, ubi sedile professoris historie moderne in universitate Dunelmensi cum maximis effectu profectuque occupat. Professus est delicias Clivus tanto ardore ut ei devoteat non solum ephemera oris sed etiam perennia styli : vitam perlustravit Humfredi ducis Gloucestræ, cujus patrocinium scientie plene imitatur, cujus autem immanitatem valde vitat ; postmodo illustravit fulgore ingenii sui tenebras temporis acti duobus libris de seculis posterioribus medii evi et historia Londoniarum disceptantibus.

His factis, sciens partes meridionales adhuc incultas manere, circulum regni complevit, veniendo presidere conciliis atque studiis occidentalium Saxonum. Hic inchoata perfecit, completa adornavit, imperfecta emendavit, desiderata inchoavit, et super fundamenta a predecessoribus suis jacta erigitur, eo dirigente, edes spectabilis et illustris academia.

(This is apparently from a lost fifteenth century work, possibly the 'Liber de Illustribus Vicariis' of John Capgrave.)

R. R. B.

UNIVERSITY AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN SOUTHAMPTON

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

THE benefaction of Henry Robinson Hartley to Southampton was given in 1843 for the purpose of promoting the study and advancement of the Sciences of Natural History, Astronomy, Antiquities, Classical and Oriental Literature, in the town of Southampton. This bequest was used for the establishment of the Hartley Institute, which rapidly became the intellectual centre for the Southampton of that day. By 1902 the work had so far developed that the Hartley Institute was granted a Certificate of Incorporation as a University College, under the Charitable Trustees Incorporation Act, 1872. Meanwhile, the facilities of the Hartley Institute had been made available for instruction in technical education, under the Act, 1899, and these facilities continued to be provided after the incorporation of the College. Thus, Southampton, as some other university institutions, such as Sheffield and Bristol, has continued from that time to be responsible for the senior technical education not only of Southampton, but also for a thickly populated part of the County of Hampshire. For long years Professor Eustice devoted a very large proportion of his time to the technical side of the work, and up to the date of his retirement was responsible for its organization. By then, not only was there a considerable number of evening classes, but also beginnings had been made in the direction of establishing part-time courses for apprentices and others engaged in industry. Still, the volume of technical work which was either demanded or provided was, according to present standards, comparatively small, for during the last ten years very marked strides in this branch of education have been taking place all over the country.

In places where separate technical colleges exist, these are financed by the local education authorities, under the supervision of the Board of Education, which undertakes to pay to the authorities 50 per cent of the approved cost. The system in Southampton was that the local authorities of Southampton and Hampshire both gave block

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grants to the College, not specifying whether they were for university or for technical work, and the Board of Education paid a grant direct to the College in respect of technical education. This grant was not based on the usual 50 per cent basis, but on a separate scheme which applied to Southampton and to two other university institutions responsible for senior technical education. The amount of this grant was strictly limited, and as the work developed the payment therefor did not increase in proportion. For instance, in the session 1933-34, it was agreed by the Board of Education that the cost to the College was approximately £11,900, while the grant only amounted to some £2,900. The University Grants Committee grew more and more concerned at the fact that it seemed obvious that university monies were being diverted from university to technical education, and, as a result of long negotiations, a new scheme was agreed to by the Board of Education, on the basis of paying a grant of approximately 50 per cent of the cost. Thus, in the session 1935-36 the cost of the technical work was £12,822, and the grant paid by the Board of Education was £6,400. The other 50 per cent had to be met out of the grants paid by the Local Authorities. The inevitable result was that, as the technical work expanded from year to year, the increased annual expenditure had to be met by allocating a larger proportion of the Local Authorities grant to the College to technical education, leaving a smaller portion of their grant available for the purpose of university education. Ultimately, both the University Grants Committee and the Board of Education agreed that such an arrangement was unsatisfactory and could not be allowed to continue—the Grants Committee maintaining that money given for university purposes was being diverted to technical education, and the Board maintaining that there was little prospect under these circumstances of adequate expansion of the technical work.

The technical side of the work of the College was inspected in November, 1935, and, as a result, it was found that, while every effort had been made with very limited resources to meet the demands of technical education in the district, the equipment both in buildings and in apparatus was quite insufficient for the purpose. Following the inspection, a memorandum on the provision for technical education in the district was forwarded by the Board of Education to the Local Education Authorities and to the College. This memorandum emphasized the need for new buildings for electrical engineering, physics, chemistry, general classrooms, a gymnasium and common

rooms. As a result, the Council of the College wrote to the Board of Education saying that, while it was aware of the deficiencies, it had no funds from which to provide the necessary buildings and equipment, which it estimated would cost in all some £80,000. To meet this difficulty, a conference, attended by representatives of the two local education authorities and of the College, was called to meet the representatives of the Board of Education and of the University Grants Committee. At that conference it was realized that technical studies had reaped great advantages from association with University College, and it was assumed by the representative of the Board of Education that the College would continue in the future to play that important part towards making its contribution to technical education in the area, particularly in the higher ranges, because any other course would be unthinkable. He went on to say that the Board of Education had asked Local Authorities to collaborate in a forward movement throughout the country in the matter of technical education in the widest sense of the term. So far as Southampton was concerned, the College authorities had not the resources to make any further provision for technical education on behalf of the Local Authorities, and in any case provision for technical students was primarily the responsibility of these authorities. Even though the new buildings required would be used by university students as well as technical students, it was reasonable that the whole cost of their erection should be undertaken by the Local Education Authorities, since, up till now, senior technical education which normally would be administered and financed by the Education Authorities, had been housed, without any payment of rent, in buildings provided for university purposes. The Board was quite willing to pay its usual 50 per cent grant on any expenditure in loan charges for such buildings. The representative of the Board of Education felt that it might be difficult to regard all the suggested common room accommodation as serving a technical as well as a university purpose, but the new Physics Laboratory was in a different category. If some rearrangement of finance could be effected, he saw no reason why the local authorities and the Board of Education between them should not pay for the Physics Laboratory, the money which is now being spent on this being transferred to meet the cost of the new common rooms. It would not probably be sufficient for the latter purpose, in which case the local authorities and the Board could meet the difference.

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It was further suggested, on behalf of the Board, that the time had come for the authorities to make a distinction between the monies spent on university and on technical education respectively. The authorities under the scheme which was suggested would have to decide on the amount of their grant to the College as a university institution, and make themselves responsible for the net cost of technical education, together with the loan charges for the new buildings now under consideration. The Board would then be in a position to pay 50 per cent grant on the whole of the expenditure on technical education.

On behalf of the University Grants Committee it was pointed out that the total Borough contribution to the College was at present £12,000 a year, but since £1,200 a year were remitted for scholarships and fees for Southampton students, the effective contribution was £10,800. The County's contribution was £4,000. In the year 1934-35 the cost of the technical work was £10,800, so that, if half this sum be taken as the local authorities' share of the cost of technical education, the other half being met by the Board of Education, £9,400 was left as the contribution from the two authorities for university purposes proper. This he considered was altogether inadequate. The Treasury grant had been trebled since 1923-24, having risen from £7,000 to £20,000. The local authorities' block grants, given for both university and technical work, had only risen from £8,000 to £15,000. In the same period the number of full-time students had risen from 281 to 375, of whom 200 came from within a radius of 30 miles. On the side of buildings, it was not too much to say that an extraordinary transformation had taken place. In addition to the capital sums which had been expended locally on the buildings, almost the whole income of the College, which was now £60,000 a year, was expended locally. It might be said that the Borough contribution for university purposes represented the neighbourhood of a penny rate, but the City of Exeter gave a 2d. rate to the University College there purely for university purposes, and, while the grant from Hampshire for purely university purposes was in effect equivalent to one-fifth of a penny rate, Devonshire contributed to its College two-thirds of a penny rate.

As a result of this conference, a scheme was drawn up and submitted to the two Local Authorities and the College, which provides that the financial responsibility for technical education be taken over by the Southampton Education Authority, the Hampshire

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Local Education Authority undertaking to pay to Southampton an agreed proportion of this cost, based on the proportionate number of students from the two areas, which is at present as 3 : 1, and that capital charges, under the same conditions, be undertaken by the same authorities, to provide Physics and Chemistry Laboratories, additions to the Engineering Laboratories, additional lecture rooms, a Gymnasium, and the balance of the cost of the Common Rooms over and above £20,000, the whole estimated to cost some £88,668, though it is very possible that the rapidly rising costs of building may increase this sum to a certain extent.

At the same time, as a result of the division of university and technical grants, the Southampton authority is giving a grant of £6,000, or a sum equal to the product of a penny rate, whichever be the greater, together with a sum added each year, to be agreed with University College, in respect of the remission of fees for County Borough students. The Hampshire Education Authority has voted a university grant of £2,500. The financial implications so far as the College is concerned are best set out in tabular form as follows :—

1936-1937.			1937-1938.		
		£			£
Grant from			Grant from Southampton		
Southampton	...	12,000	(for university work)	...	6,000
			Reimbursement for remission to		
			Borough residents, etc.	...	1,240
					<u>£7,240</u>
Grant from			Grant from Hampshire		
Hampshire	...	4,000	(for university work)	...	2,500
					<u>£9,740</u>
			50 per cent of the cost of technical work		
			now to be met by the Local Author-		
			ities and not by the College	...	6,500
		<u>£16,000</u>			<u>£16,240</u>

The above does not take into account the overhead charges for the upkeep of the new buildings, only one-third of which will be borne by the Local Education Authorities on behalf of technical education.

In view of the fact that the Local Authorities are taking on more immediate financial responsibility for technical education, it is only natural that they should be kept in closer contact with the financial

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position, and to this end, it has been agreed to set up a technical joint committee on which representatives of University College and the two Local Education Authorities should serve, and to this committee will be presented the estimates for the coming session, the accounts at the close of the session, and all proposals for developments incurring financial responsibility. The decisions of this committee will be reported to the three authorities. The academic administration of the classes remains as it is at present under the control of the Technical Studies Board, which is a committee of Senate but, so as to make the liaison between the Authorities and the College closer, it has been provided that the Secretary of the Southampton Education Committee and the Education Officer of the County Council should have ex-officio seats on this Board.

From the point of view of the College, this scheme solves a good many of the problems with which it has been faced. It removes the possibility of monies intended for one purpose being used for another. It provides adequate accommodation both for university and technical studies for some years to come, but still no provision has been made for the Assembly Hall, which is a pressing need, not only for the social amenities of the students, but also for the purposes of examinations, public lectures and such like activities. From the point of view of the Authorities and the education of the district as a whole, I believe it to be a very definite step forward. When it has been fully carried into effect, there will be here an institution provided with buildings adequate to provide both for university and technical studies. The university side will be strengthened by the provision of adequate accommodation in return for the free use of buildings for technical education in the past. The financial situation is roughly the same, with the exception of the necessity laid upon the College of meeting increased overhead charges, and it is very much hoped that the position will be improved if the Local Authorities concerned can see their way to doing something further for university studies in the direction suggested by the University Grants Committee.

KENNETH H. VICKERS.

DILEMMA

by RICHARD BELGRAVE

WE do not know
Whither we go,
Our memory is dark
Of whence we came ;
The future towers over us,
Chord unvibrated,
Page unwritten,
Thought unthought.
We love, and cannot tell
Whether to follow,
Give up all and follow
The clear voice of desire,
Or, to keep our chains,
Our wonted bonds,
Which hold us up
As well as shackle us.
We do not know
Which way to go.
Let us be resolute,
Careless of thin-blood values,
Laughing, lips for kisses,
Hands for the rites of love,
Let us live once
Before life is over.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE THROUGH GERMAN EYES

NOTHING is more difficult than writing about University life in England where one is faced with a different situation in each University town. We, perhaps, would think it criminal to grant university status to some of these institutions which, because of their whole lay out, inadequate financial resources, and rather limited atmosphere cannot create the wide outlook people expect of academic men and women. But I know that they are on the way still, and that even they give something to their students which is valuable. I myself owe to them a great deal.

I doubt whether anyone will call my way of approaching the subject very academic if I start by telling that I never heard as many nicknames—not even in a gliding camp, which are famous for that kind of thing—as in U.C.S. I am including here the use of christian names and their manifold abbreviations for lecturers and among the students themselves. It may be more academic, anyhow from the philological point of view, to show the use of current words within this community which are hardly words and which puzzle any outsider. For who knows soc. coll. dip, etc.? That may be bewildering to the newcomer, especially to the poor foreigner. But it indicates to him, at the same time, that it is a very close community which uses this language, or else it would not exist. It is what my professor (Deutschbein) calls professional or community language, which always owes its existence to a well-developed and close community life. How much awe is implied in the German word "Rector" and how much more human is "Prinnie." And "human" indeed, is the first adjective I would like to attach to the corporative body which an English college represents. Does not the young man, the young woman, stand in the very centre? Is not he, or she, the dominating figure and every thing else: arts, science, games and recreation, are worked round this centre and handed over to them in appropriate parcels and quantities? It may be the highest tribute to English universities that the young German generation is anxious to learn from this side of English university education and that the modern German university is approaching this ideal. The German

university has always been governed by this goddess "Wissenschaft." Each student had to fight his way into her awful presence. And what did she give to him. She would only satisfy one side of him! To satisfy his human interests he was left to himself

The English college, on the contrary, claims the whole man. That necessarily involves taking some of his individual rights, but it also educates the whole man. Once the young man, or woman, has entered college he belongs to this community for three or four years in succession. In an ideal state it provides a scientific, social, and recreative centre for him. When dancing in Assembly Hall this was suddenly made quite clear to me. In a week's time, I thought, they will brood over their exam. papers here where merry couples are waltzing now. Does it not drive home to everyone that study, work, social life and recreation should be combined and that only an amalgamation of these three elements makes life a success? (I am only talking of the outward success, though.)

But who is solving this problem? The German student is used to solve this problem by himself, by sheer force of personality. And he actually solves it individually, finding different solutions for different individuals. It is surprising for him to see that those problems are solved for his English colleague by college, or rather by the community he belongs to, automatically. He rises by half past seven (feeble attempts of keeping up one's personality are stifled by the impossibility of getting breakfast after 8.30 a.m.) goes up to coll. by nine o'clock, has coffee at eleven and plays on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. He does it because it is done. How easy is life within such a frame! How easy to get used to it without realising how much one is a slave of habit, how much one has given up one's personality. I only begin to realise it now. I was surprised, when getting back to Marburg, how firm a hold this English routine of university life still had on me. And that only after one session! And it is not only the outer routine. There is an inner routine as well, a routine of thought, something like a philosophy. I seem to understand now that after three years of university training one can give any amount of personal freedom to the English graduate. Being conditioned like this he will not use it to any extreme. He will go on following the routine, this time not within the college, community but within the bigger community of the nation. It seems that during the three or four years of his academic career the average student loses something of his individuality, a process which is

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE THROUGH GERMAN EYES

favoured by the young age of the English student coming up to college and to which only strong and well-developed characters can resist and hold their own. I am only stressing this point, as most English people do not seem or do not want to realise this levelling of characters through their educational system. On the whole, I do not think it at all undesirable. By placing the student into such a community of equals, the state of his future life and activity inside a wider community is anticipated. For the livelier ones, whom study does not occupy entirely, a wide field of initiative is open inside the Student Union. Organising abilities and other faculties which count in future life can be developed and proved. German eyes will perhaps see a drawback in spending all the years of one's academic life at the same place which, as I said before, sometimes is of a narrow range. Certainly, the system which enables the student to change his university twice a year, if he cares to, gives him a wider outlook. But is not a strong community life just as much to be wished for? We young Germans, in any case, envy the English in this respect.

Something has been said against the seclusion of college from life which to me is symbolised by quiet college quadrangles. That may be true for the old universities, but the new have university extension lectures, W.E.A. classes and evening classes which certainly do away with every isolation.* And again, if it fosters the community spirit inside, it is amply justified.

Leaving the social sphere of English university life and taking to the purely academic side, the German will notice that narrow boundaries are set to the English undergraduate. Everything is well worked out for him. There are such institutions as "set books." Alma mater has moistened the bread in her mouth before passing it down to her children. But are those boundaries real limitations? When looking at them closely one might just as well call them a guiding tape. They certainly are a tremendous help to the average student in his academic work, though they may hinder the better ones. The system of prescribed texts and fixed courses may lose some of its disadvantages with a good tutor. But where does the tutorial system work at the new universities? Consequently they go on producing and giving high honours to the average student. The English university seems to be made for the average student, and he is the type of man England wants. Ian Hay said this year on

*These activities are quite as strongly developed in the ancient as in the modern universities (Ed.).

Bryanston School speech day: "We produce a great average type, with a unique capacity for useful work. In this country it has always been the middle man that counted." In England, finals papers, even for an honours degree, test the average knowledge of the student, hardly catering for any special inclinations which, of course, with such a system, the young student is not encouraged to indulge in.

The German student can set his own course, his own boundaries, which can be of a very wide range. Afterwards he is tested and classified according to his theses on two very special subjects of his own choice. Thus the heights of his whole work are taken into account, apart from the general foundation which is tested in a stiff oral examination. This system seems to be much nearer to life, as a test. Later on in life one's best performance in one's pet subject will be looked up to and not an all-round knowledge which must be demanded of every one. But again there is the imminent danger in the German university that she leaves the undergraduate to himself, both in social life and in his academic work. For the average student too much time and energy is wasted to find out exactly what he himself wants, and to "explore" the university, so to speak. Some find their way out, some get lost who at an English university would add to the number of the average man Ian Hay is so fond of. We still cater for the highly intellectual type of student leaving him any possibility of earning special credit by very specialised work.

The fault which the younger generation now realises lies in the fact that the highly intellectual students are not wanted to the extent they are produced. For some very few students our universities are excellent, for those who, in England, would be in Oxford and Cambridge, especially in All Souls.

I have been dealing with German universities at length just for the sake of producing a contrast and explaining by contrasting. After what I have been saying, teaching and the style of lectures in England must be quite different. Lectures are much more concerned with facts. The actual words: "Course" and "class" imply a whole world of differences. I could derive a complete philosophy from the use of the word "training", the meaning of which puzzled me so much at first. Some people have gone too far by calling the English attitude towards science and letters materialistic. It may be true that, apart from Oxford and Cambridge there is a certain love for facts and figures, for technical classes and a "training" one can make practical use of. But it certainly is a "good thing" that English

students walk into a job at an age when most of their German fellow students are still doing theoretical work (to apply the terminology of 1066).

The German university teacher considers it to be his task only to link up the private studies of his pupils, and, based on the general foundation, to show the underlying principles behind the facts. It appears to be a definite fault of most English universities that they have to occupy themselves with much of the groundwork which could be done just as well at school. As the two-year students have been removed from most colleges, the intermediate work should likewise be separated from college teaching, thus giving valuable spare time to the staff. At the same time, this would certainly raise the intellectual standard of the student body, which at the moment does not compare favourably with the German. Particularly appalling is the average student's interest in the fine arts. Most of them are not interested in painting,* and will pass through their college without even having had the opportunity of becoming interested. The attendance at the last symphony concert did not show a great enthusiasm for music either. But there is much talk about politics which is bound to be rather elementary for the simple reason that politics are a science and the application of all other aspects and problems of civilised life.

May I be allowed to generalise—a great German hobby, I am afraid? "Wissenschaft" and "Man" seem to be the two centres of the German and English university (this word itself connected with "English" is an awful mistake as there is not such a thing in reality as "the" University). The ideal type certainly lies in the middle. The young German generation is anxious to approach it from the one side, the English, I realised at U.C.S., are doing everything to get near it from the other. The common aim is the Universitas.

GÜNTHER KÖNTGES.

*But see pp. 3 and 4 (Ed.).



THE HORSE ON THE HILL.

(The Song of the Vale-men)

with a string *air by W. W. Gill*

O here's to the old white Hoss, sing all, and here's to the old white Hoss!

May he ne - ver grow green with moss, sing all, no, ne - ver grow green with moss.

For his eye looks out on the Downs, sing you, and his tail hangs o - ver the Vale

And we all live un - der his tail, we do, we all live un - der his tail!

THE HORSE ON THE HILL,

by W. WALTER GILL,

i

'T WAS all of a thousand years ago (and more by half, they say),
 God's sea-wind rippled a Shape of power full gallop for
 Pegwell Bay ;
 And he was Hengist, of Woden sprung, whom Woden rode unseen—
 From aft slim Horsa flew in their wake, and fair men crouched
 between.

THE HORSE ON THE HILL

ii

*O here's to the old White Hoss, (sing all !), and here's to the old White Hoss !
May he never grow green with moss, (sing all !), no never grow green with moss ;
For his eye looks out on the Downs, (sing you !), and his tail hangs over the Vale,
And we all live under his tail, we do, we all live under his tail !*

iii

There's never been foaled a Horse like ours since Time and the world began—
The Horse of a God, the Horse of a King, the Horse of the Berkshire man !
Heels flung to the Ridgeway wind he came, a marching army's pride,
And they scatted his ghostlike rames in the chalk, for a Sign to the countryside.

iv

*So here's to the old White Hoss, (sing out !), and here's to the old White Hoss !
Who never gave rider a toss (sing out !), no, never gave rider a toss ;
Who never throw'd jockey nor shoe, (sing true !), no, never throw'd shoe nor nail,
And we all live under his tail, we do, we all live under his tail !*

v

Four hundred years, and he neighed Aha ! to the Blowing Stone's appeal,
And Wayland shoed him, and Alfred rode to whip the Danes to heel ;
To hunt the dragon of Dragon's Hill and slaughter it in its lair,
Ere building his castle of Berkshire sod, to reign till they buried him there.

vi

*Then sing to the old White Hoss wassail ! Wassail to the old White Hoss !
For his Shape shines over the White Horse Vale, to Faringdon far across;
Come fill up your mugs to his health, all you, and drink it in Berkshire ale,
For we all live under his tail, we do, we all live under his tail !*

CONTRASTS AT BASSETT
(With apologies to an eminent living poet)
by V. DE SOLA PINTO

A LONG the smooth dark highway roll
the mass-produced the streamlined cars,
Isaiah feels the burning coal,
and Ariadne's crowned with stars.

The atoms of Democritus
range themselves in predestined forms :
Miss Gumby mounts the Romsey 'bus,
upon the sun Titanic storms

raise monstrous billows of white flame,
George Parsons in the corner seat
orders another of the same,
and stares at elephantine feet.

.
Where are the princes, where the tall,
wing'd angels, where the shining Grail ?
Miss Gumby ponders on the stall
she's stocking for the Jumble Sale.

Where is the Holy Wisdom's dome,
and where is Guardi's gleaming grey ?
George Parsons blows upon the foam,
and slowly fills a short black clay.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A YOUTH-HOSTELLER

FOR only a third of the total three weeks did I accompany U.C.S. Rambling Club on a walking tour which led them from Sussex through Hampshire and Dorset to Devon and thence back to Southampton by way of Somerset and Wiltshire, and, in spite of many assurances that all the best things happened either before my arrival or after my departure, I still look back to that week as one of the best holidays on record.

"What wondrous life is this I lead," I thought with satisfaction as I lay basking in the sun in a sheltered corner of Old Arlesford Churchyard, the appointed trysting place. Some hours afterwards the peace was rudely shattered by the arrival of the advance party from Godsfield with the news that the rest were still drying off as a result of the previous day's incessant deluge. More delicious drowsing, while mingled with the buzz of summer flies there came from afar the murmur of a voice reading the adventures of the Honourable Tsei Ling, and thence through leafy Hampshire lanes and along the tributaries of the Itchen to Winchester. There the hostel, formerly a mill, offered the attractions of hot baths, gas cooking, table tennis, armchairs and washing in ice-cold water dipped from the millstream. With the help of ropes provided for the purpose it was possible to bathe in the river without being hurled to destruction by the foaming waters of the weir.

Leaving Winchester and civilization behind, we advanced by way of the New Forest and Godshill to the wilds of Dorset, a county where I was chiefly impressed by the stretches of bare rolling downland, by the sight of cows, which I had always regarded as denizens of the level lowlands, grazing awkwardly and precariously on the slopes, by the flintiness of the fields (painful memories), by the optimism of the farmers who were trying to cultivate so unpromising a soil, and by the dearth of inhabitants. Dorset surely must be the most sparsely populated of counties. We walked for miles without seeing a sign of man's hand. We discovered, too, that Dorsetshire cheese is not obtainable in the county of its origin, that there is apparently no demand for cider on the part of the

local inhabitants, that it is possible in this country to go through six villages without finding a shop which supplied bread, and to be reduced to a midday repast of crusts supplied by kindly villagers. The hostels in Dorset are far apart, and there was a definite sense of something accomplished, something done, when we reached Iwerne Minster with 28 miles to our credit, and Cerne Abbas the next day with 26.

To this sense of accomplishing something through our own efforts must be added an indescribable feeling which came through sharing the same physical fatigue, the same insect-ridden water fetched from tanks in the hostel gardens and evening meals cooked on primus stoves, from sharing jokes about a leader so intent upon map reading that he walked into a stream. This leader, much to his own surprise, experienced pains of a severe nature after dietetic experiments with raw mushrooms, and his waking from slumber was heralded by a peculiar and violent spinning action.

At Bridport, where for the first time we encountered the stone walls so characteristic of the western counties, a day was devoted to a so-called rest cure, which however, took the form of much violent scaling of cliffs or equally strenuous jumping from rock to rock on the shore.

Thus invigorated, we embarked on the twenty-mile walk over the turf-capped cliffs from Bridport to Seaton, a walk ever to be remembered for the glorious sunshine, the dark purple shadows cast by clouds on a green sea, the wonderful views from the highest points, the coolness of the Lyme Regis woods (almost tropical with their hanging lianas and viper-tongued ferns), for the icy coldness of water drunk from a running stream, and the neighbouring pool where newts dived and quickly disappeared from sight among the weeds.

We spent that night at Ottery St. Mary, and in this hostel we met a woman cycling with her husband, whose mania for travelling light was so great that only after much pleading had she been allowed to bring a pair of pyjamas.

Lanes banked by red sandstone indicated that we were well and truly in Devon, eagerly anticipated as the county of cream and cider, and which even exceeded its reputation by proving also the home of enormous wild strawberries.

At Exeter, my journey's end, my footsore, travel-stained condition proved a source of amusement, but I maintained an inward

MY EXPERIENCES AS A YOUTH-HOSTELLER

feeling of superiority. The comradeship, the jokes, the anecdotes, the quick interchange of wit and repartee, reminiscences swapped at night with fellow hostellers, the smell of broken bracken as we plunged through woods, the champagne quality of the air on the top of the downs, the springiness of the turf underfoot, the cheery good-mornings exchanged with workmen along the roads, the bobbing tails of hundreds of rabbits scuttling for refuge as we disturbed the quiet of the Dorset hills, a general sense of physical well-being and delight in the vigour of youth, recollections of poetry read aloud at midday when prone on the grass we watched the ever-changing masses of clouds or strings and shreds of vapour hounded across the sky, these and a hundred other impressions and sensations have furnished a rich contribution to the store house of memory, and made the walking tour an unforgettable experience.

G. HUNT.



FUGITIVE

by BERYL A. WOOD

OH! would that I were wind that is not seen,
Nor can be grasped by hands, nor held by chains,
Yet travels swiftly, strong, untameable.

Or would that I were sea, a flowing tide,
That heeds not obstacles, but runs between
The fingers stretched to seize, and still is free.

Nay, rather were I cloud to disappear
Above the mountains in the morning sun,
A mist unshapen and intangible!

Oh! would that I could flee more swiftly still!
My weary feet, be winged! bear me on!
Far, far from bondage and captivity!

HOME AND CO-LIPTONIA

by S. G. SHUTTLEWORTH

WAKES up in the morning,
Shuts his eyes and stays in sheets.
Counts the minutes stolen from
Sellers of grocery, beef or ham.

Coldboards the floor,
Uplifts the blind.
Raining ! Curses mankind
That this should be his lot
While boss, he oceanseas in yacht.

Wash, shave, behave,
Although a bloody stream
Has made its way across the scene.
Bristles bristle, bristles he too.

Eggs, yellowgrease upon the plate,
Bacon, yes, and marmalade,
He madly, mechanically mouths,
For he's afraid
He'll be late.

Earning a living,
Living a death,
He paces in his doorway dock,
And the clock crows eight o'clock.

AN OLD DORSET INDUSTRY

MAKING withy pots for prawns and lobsters is an ancient industry now largely supplanted by the mass production of wire cages.

On the Dorset coast until thirty years ago every man made his own pots, and here and there in outlying coves and harbours may still be found men who are entirely independent of trade resources both in producing their materials and turning out the finished article.

The withy beds, once a familiar sight along the coast, are now few and far between. They grow best near the sea, and the beds are usually made by clearing a space in the midst of a clump of elders or brambles close to the shore, so that the bushes form a protecting hedge. There are several varieties of this tough willow, red, green, and yellow. The slender branches are grown on "mocks" or stumps, and take a year to mature to the required length and thickness. They are cut in December and January, dried in the open till they attain a certain pitch, and then sorted and sharpened.

The tools used for pot-making are few and simple. They consist of a pattern or mould which is a circular block pierced with twelve holes, a sharp pruning knife, and a bodkin or marling spike often made from a ship's copper bolt. A wooden marling spike known as a "ved" (naut. fid) is also used for prising up and piercing the bottom of the pot, the part of the work demanding most skill.

The pot is started on the pattern, the withies being stuck into the twelve holes and the mouth or entrance built up. The free ends are then bent over and finished off at the bottom.

Pots are weighted by stones fastened outside the small prawn pots and inside the larger lobster ones. Stones taken from the beach are shaped with a groove to hold the line by which they are attached to the pot. On the Bognor coast and at other places where there are no suitable stones concrete blocks are used. With true conservative spirit these are cast into the exact form of the hand-worked stones.

The weighting is in accordance with the force of the tide. Off Portland, for instance, a pot may weigh as much as seventy pounds, and three men are needed for each boat. A special tough cord or pot-

line is attached with corks to the pots at intervals of a fathom to prevent it from sinking.,

After being tarred, the "trim" or finished set of pots is drawn up on the beach just above the water line. They have now to be baited. Prawn pots are baited on land, but lobster pots in the boat, for they are "shot" again immediately on being hauled, and brought ashore to be dried after a month at sea.

A notched wooden skewer known as a "skivver" is passed through the bait to prevent it from slipping to the side of the pot, and so giving the victim the chance of a safe meal from outside the prison bars. Bait is provided by the fisherman's net or bought in town, but any dead animal will do, provided it has been dead long enough. Contrary to popular belief crabs will touch only perfectly fresh bait.

Open boats are used for fishing, from twelve or fourteen to sixteen feet in length, the larger boats being worked by two men. They have usually one triangular leg of mutton sail. Not long ago a sprit sail was used, but this rig appears to have been discontinued in Dorset. The sprit sail is held up by a spar going diagonally across the sail and made fast to the mast by a twist of rope called a grummet. Thames barges still carry this type of sail.

The Dorset fishermen use what is known as the "copsed" oar, so-called from a flat piece of wood attached to the handle something the shape of an elongated human ear. This balances the blade. The cops is pierced by a hole through which is passed a thole pin fixed to the gunwhale of the boat. Though clumsy in appearance, these oars are far less tiring to row than the ordinary round ones. They are also more practical, for they can be left on the thole pin whenever the rower stops to haul his pots.

When the fresh trim is ready for sea the boat is pushed down to the water's edge and the pots piled in the stern. After waiting for a "smooth," the lull that follows three big waves, the seventh, eighth, and ninth, she is shoved off and the men nip in over the stern using sail or oars according to the wind. The all-pervading presence of bait fills the air and the boat, and perhaps a tame gull will follow to watch an opportunity of snatching a morsel as soon as the men's backs are turned. Near the shore may be seen one or two greater black-backed gulls, known locally as "Isle of Wight parsons."

Many of the rock fishing-grounds where prawns and lobsters dwell were discovered by the grandfathers of the present fishermen



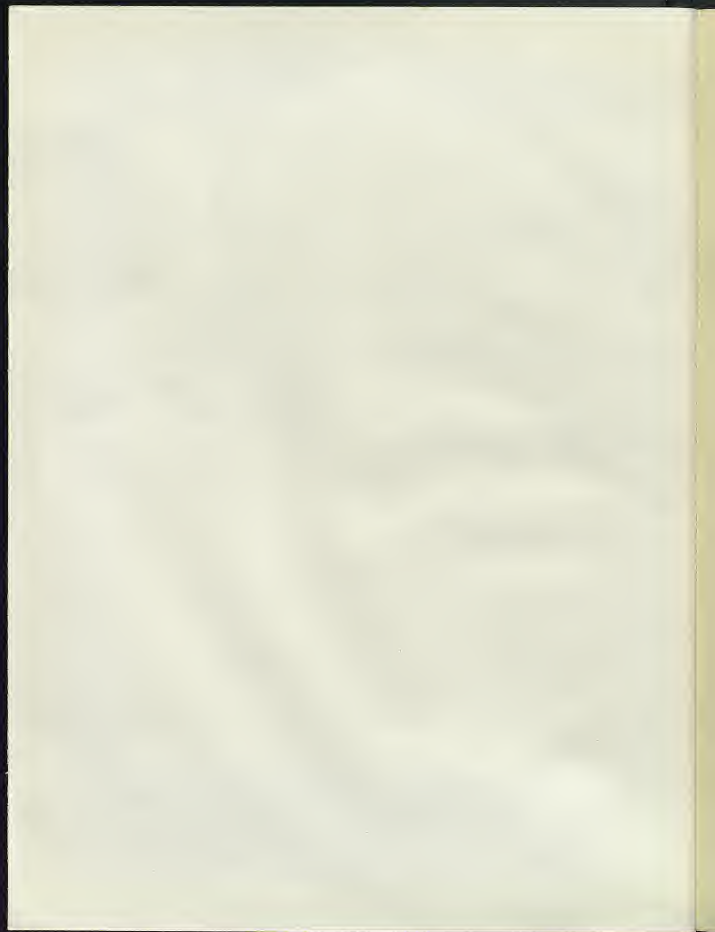
Fishing Boat showing leg of mutton sail and copped oars.



A pot weighted by stones attached outside.



One of the authors with a 9-lb. lobster caught in a trammel net.



AN OLD DORSET INDUSTRY

in the old smuggling days. On a dark night they would sail out with a grapnel or "creep" which would "hatch up" when dragged over rocks, and so disclose a new ground.

Sometimes the grounds get covered with sand. When this happens quantities of whelk shells are found in the pots. The men know that "the whelks have taken charge," and the lobsters moved on elsewhere.

The fishing-grounds are located by landmarks such as trees, hedges, buildings, and other distinctive features of the coast. The marks are taken in pairs, one above the other. For the outer grounds three pairs are required in case one should be obscured by fog, the relative positions being those of the lines of a broad arrow. Two pairs are sufficient nearer the shore, and these are taken as nearly as possible at right angles to one another.

It is usual to start with a home-mark. The two objects which constitute this are kept one above the other, which gives the men a direct line on their pots, though of course wind and tide generally make a straight course impossible.

The names of some of the recognised landmarks are interesting and of great antiquity; for example, "Harry's Thorn on Rake Neck," "White Streak on Aries' Rock," "Round Hill to the Nothe," etc. In the case of "The Well and Chapel" the original features have disappeared entirely and all record of them is lost. "Jackie Hayne's House," "Stable Trees on Chapel," on the other hand, were in existence till a few years ago. "The Milking Stile" on Bindon Down above Lulworth Cove, marks the spot where formerly the cows were tied for milking. In South Dorset they are no longer milked in the open field, though this is still done in the north of the county and in Somerset.

The fishing-grounds also have special names; "The Granary," "Blue Spot," "Big Green," "Horse Heads," "Easty Meaze," "Westy Meaze," "Speary Naps," "Snotch Ground," "Hobar," "Two Bats," and so on. "The Abbey," a well-known ground off Portland, is said to take its name from "The Earl of Abergavenny," an East Indian wrecked in 1803. "The Fire" commemorates a cliff of Kimmeridge shale that blazed in 1826 and continued to smoulder for ten years till finally extinguished by a landslip of which these submerged rocks are the remains. "The Monarch" is named after a pleasure steamer that carried away a large number of pots.

After the ground has been located by means of the landmarks, the pots are "shot," the neatly coiled lines attached to each being let out as they are dropped overboard. Pots are shot at intervals of sixty yards in more or less straight lines at right angles to the course of traffic. In this way ships are able to avoid the corked lines. The time for shooting and hauling is slack tide, that is one hour before and one hour after high and low water. The lines do not "watch" (i.e. bear) when a strong tide is making, but lie nearly level with the bottom. In some localities they are hauled three times a day, in others once in twenty-four hours. They are then rebaited and shot again approximately on the same spot.

One man now works from three to four dozen lobster and about five dozen prawn pots. This clearly shows the decrease of Dorset fishing as a paying industry, for till fairly recently a man could make a living by working sixteen pots only.

After the shooting has been safely accomplished, the men often call out "Good iron." As far as is known no explanation has been suggested for the origin of this mysterious expression, which is certainly traditional and possibly pagan. One man, fisher on week days, Methodist preacher on Sunday, would piously exclaim after a good haul, "Thank our heavenly Father!"

Lobsters, like prawns and crabs, are also caught in shallow water, and the season usually starts near shore. They migrate as other fish do from deep to shallow water, and travelling from their unknown breeding grounds drift or swim with the tide just clear of the seabottom. The weed and barnacles with which they are often covered show that they lie dormant for considerable periods. The following story is told by a local fisherman and given in his own words:—

"Father tells a tale of long ago of how the skipper of a sailing-ship told him that it would be a good lobster year, for off Start Point he sailed through shoals of lobsters swimming just below the surface going up Channel. Nobody believed the yarn at the time, but it did happen to be a record lobster year."

The colour of the lobster varies in accordance with that of the ground and the depth of the water. In deep sea the shell is lightish blue, sometimes speckled, that deepens to indigo nearer the shore. A beautiful bright blue specimen caught at Lulworth was described as being "just like a lady's dress." They turn red when boiled, but do not scream during the process as some tender-hearted and overcredulous people believe. Their scent is keen, and, by means of long

AN OLD DORSET INDUSTRY

flexible tentacles they can smell the bait from a distance of eighteen to twenty feet. Having located it, they make straight for it with their tentacles crossed. They are caught in the act of taking the bait, and once in the pot are quite capable of getting out again, either by sawing through the bars or crawling out of the mouth. Their claws are dissimilar in shape, one being furnished with two saws, the other with nippers. If the pots are left unhailed for several days owing to bad weather they are often found empty.

"Smooth fish," a term used to distinguish them from lobsters, crabs, and prawns, known as "fish," are frequently caught in the pots. Rock whiting, pout, and carp, discriminated as "bunners, gunners, and cunners" according to size, are common. Bass, dog-fish, conger, and occasionally octopus are found; also the little crustacean called the "Dutch lobster," the beautiful blue and gold "sea-cook," and a small star-fish poetically named "the brittle star." Small spider and fiddler crabs abound, and masses of whelk shells with sea-anemones cling to them and inhabited by hermit crabs.

In this article the withy pot only has been described, but different varieties are still made on other coasts. In Devon hoop nets are used in shallow water with the bait attached to the centre, and elsewhere wire hoop frames covered with netting and fixed to a flat iron base. The Jersey fishermen, probably owing to difficulties of obtaining land for their withy beds, make a pot of split cane with a wattle or hurdle bottom; but in the old days they used the Dorset pattern.

C. and E. U. OULESS.

THE FAIR UNKNOWN

By D. SOLOMOS (1798-1857)

Translated by A. WATSON BAIN

WHO is the maiden,
Clad in white raiment,
Hither approaching
Down from the hills?

Now that the maiden
Nearer advances,
Softly the grass here
Breaks into flower,
All its fair beauties
Straightway displaying,
And its head swaying
This way and that,
And, quite enamoured,
Earnestly prays her
Not to pass by it,
But on it tread.

Red and full shapely
Both of her lips are,
Just like the rose-leaves
There on the bush,
When the day dawneth
And when the morning
Gently from heaven
Showereth the dew.

And her rich tresses
In their fresh beauty
Fall on her bosom,
Shining like gold.

And when her laughing
Eyes brightly sparkle,
Theirs is the colour
Clear of the sky.

Who is the maiden
Down from the hills?

MODERN AND OLD MASTERS.

THE third annual Anglo-French Vacation Course, held at University College, Southampton, from July 27th to August 8th, 1936, ventured boldly into the realms of Art. Not only were there lectures by distinguished authorities, but also through the kind co-operation of public galleries, private owners, artists and dealers, a most interesting collection of some eighty paintings and drawings was available for leisured inspection and study. The title of this note suggests the tone of the exhibition as a whole; there was a good selection of Old Masters, Reynolds, Crome, Constable, David Cox and so forth, but the bulk of the pictures were modern, even, in some instances, more than modern. Rothenstein, Sickert, Steer, Brangwyn, John, represented the stable and satisfying, though not unstimulating middle; Dame Laura Knight, Muirhead Bone, Brockhurst brought their clarity of vision and beauty of line. The numerous "moderns" supplied excitement and query, and by their number and to some extent by their achievement, justified the placing of "modern" before "old" masters in the title of the collection.

It would be tedious to attempt to review the fourscore pictures. The two which attracted most attention were undoubtedly Dame Laura Knight's "Madonna of the Cotton Fields," which, by kind permission of the artist, we reproduce as our frontispiece, and Sickert's "Gwen Ffrangcon Davies," which too, we reproduce by the kind consent of the owner. This attention was not merely due to their size, but because each, in its different way, had vision, design, colour and intelligibility. Paul Nash's abstract "Composition," among those pictures which avoid prosaic representation, aroused interest by its clearness of line and colour; the atmospheric effects of John Nash's "Willows," the brilliance of Vanessa Bell's "Girl in a Garden," the naive draughtsmanship of still lifes by Duncan Grant and Hyam Myer, this or that quality of this or that artist, all were keenly and enthusiastically debated and appreciated by the visiting public.

One thing at least is certain: apart from the utility of the collection as illustrating a course of lectures, it was stimulating.

WESSEX

There was probably no single visitor who was not shaken out of complacency in one way or another. The *laudatores temporis acti* were forced to admit pattern, vibration, unity of vision and purpose, and, much more important, sincerity, in many of the modern canvases. The zealots of the new, faced with the repose and richness or the intrinsic simplicity of the older painters, acknowledged their skill and spirit. The already catholic minded found much satisfaction in the achievements, much interest in the experiments. It was an extraordinary collection, concentrating within a small space many manners; there were pictures to suit everybody, and pictures to annoy and prick everybody. The latter category was no doubt as useful as the first, even if we accept the classical doctrine that Art's first business is to please. Certainly the exhibition as a whole *did* please, and its organizers are to be congratulated not only on what they did, but on what they caused. Innumerable hopes have been expressed that a similar exhibition may be organized again at not too distant a date. Those who saw the collection will all join in gratitude to all those who made the Loan Exhibition of Modern and Old Masters possible.

H. W. LAWTON.

Image unavailable
for copyright reasons

GWEN FFRANCON-DAVIES, by W. R. Sickert, R.A., P.R.B.A.
By kind permission of Oliver Brown, Esq.



THE BASELESS FABRIC*

A Morality Play

(This play (with an additional opening scene) was produced by the Southampton Repertory Society for the British Drama League Festival, 1937. The part of Lilith was acted by Dora Barlow, of Jessica by Pauline Knocker, of Gabriel by Charles Rose, and of Reuben by Stanley Mackenzie. The producer was Arthur Black.)

TIME. *Spring, 1965.*

SCENE. *The platform at the top of the steps outside St. Martins-in-the-Fields. The steps leading up on either side are visible to the audience. A few broken pillars still stand at the edge of the platform which overlooks a waste space of wild flowers and ruins. The broken shaft of Nelson's column stands out against the pale spring sky. A flowering tree has forced its way through the stones at one corner of the platform, some petals are scattered on the stones. The sparkle of the Thames shows in the distance between banks of grass-grown ruins. One of Nelson's lions still rears his head above the grasses in the Square ; the others have disappeared into mounds of vegetation. Two women occupy the platform, one about fifty, the other not more than twenty years of age. The girl is sitting on a broken pillar, swinging her bare feet. She wears a white dress made of a straight piece of material, caught in at the waist by a girdle and showing her figure. Her neck and arms are bare, her hair is long, golden and hanging in two plaits. Her expression is very frank and simple. It is obvious from looking at her that she has never either feigned or suppressed an emotion in her life. Over her knees lies a piece of blue material, folded triangularly, which is evidently intended to be worn as a shawl. Her dress, which reaches to her ankles, is slit at the side to allow her freedom when she moves, which she does presently with the unstudied grace of a deer. The elder woman wears a dress of the same indefinite character as her companion with a girdle at the waist, only it is dark brown in colour. She also wears rough shoes. Her shawl is orange and hangs back from her shoulders.*

*All acting rights in connection with this play are strictly reserved by the author.

Her hair is dark, streaked with grey and gathered into a knot at the nape of her neck. Her features are finely chiselled, her skin brown and weathered. She is standing in profile to the audience as the curtain goes up, her expression infinitely lonely and remote, as she looks over the ruined square. She is completely rapt and is unaware of her companion.

LILITH. Jessica, why did you want to come here? It doesn't make you happy, it makes you sad.

JESSICA (*without moving*). I don't know, the Spring, perhaps. The Spring is always urging us to find something.

LIL. Why should you want to find something? You have me, I have you. You're not listening (*gets up and goes to Jessica, brushing her cheek with her finger*). Come back and be with me. I don't like this dead world. I like things to be living and real. Jessica, tell me what you are thinking.

JESS. (*smiling at her*). I couldn't even begin to tell you what I am thinking, what I feel. To have found this place after twenty-five years—like this. I see it and yet I can't grasp it. I thought I should remember it all, but the memory is fading, and I can't believe what I remember.

LIL. Did you like it better then, when you knew it? Was it more beautiful?

JESS. Yes, no. I don't know. It was different. More beautiful because it was full of life.

LIL. But it's full of life now, flowers and birds.

JESS. Yes, flowers and birds but no people (*she sits down with an appearance of great weariness, cupping her chin in her hands*). Oh, I know you can't imagine it. How can you imagine something you have never seen? Even I am beginning to forget. That is why I have always told you so much of the past, I have tried to preserve everything that has ever happened to me by telling you.

LIL. And I remember everything you have told me. But, Jessica—

JESS. Yes?

LIL. Doesn't that life you knew and lived in this town, when it was alive, doesn't that belong to the past, the dead time? I want to see and know what is ahead.

JESS. (*turning to her sharply*). What do you think is ahead? (*their eyes meet, the girl is frightened by her companion's expression.*)

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LII. I don't know. What do you mean? You're frightened at something. I don't understand you today, Jessica you're getting away from me. *(She clasps her round the knees, brushing her hand with her cheek.)* Your hand is cold. Let's make a fire and eat something. The sun is high and I am hungry.

JESS. *(absently)*. There are no dry sticks here.

LII. No, but I can find some *(she gets up and springs lightly down the broken steps)*.

JESS. Be careful!

LII. *(pausing half way down and looking back)*. Why?

JESS. *(lamely)*. You might fall.

LII. Jessica! You know nothing ever hurts me. I believe I am going to like this place after all. It isn't like that horrible ruin where we found the skeletons, Canterbury you said it was, didn't you? You found the old church you used to know. That was terrible and strange *(she comes slowly back up the steps.)* Jessica, there is something I have always wanted to ask you, how does death come?

JESS. It comes in many different ways, but there is always a stillness and an end.

LII. You mean that suddenly my hands, my feet, everything, will become quite still, and my eyes won't see any more?

JESS. Yes, sometimes it comes like that, suddenly. That is the best way.

LII. But all those people you saw die, what happened?

JESS. Different things, first bombs, that is, fire, fire from the air, then gas, air that you can't breathe, that chokes you, then famine and deadly sickness came almost together. Many people didn't die suddenly, but slowly, the worst way. I was afraid—

LII. Of dying?

JESS. No, of living. I couldn't get killed and I wouldn't kill myself. I was afraid I was the only living thing left on the earth. Then I found you, standing by your dead mother, and you ran towards me—

LII. I know, you've told me. I wish I could remember my mother. I wish I could remember something of that other life. I have so few memories.

JESS. And I have too many.

LII. Then forget them.

JESS. I don't think I want to forget entirely. My memory

is the only link I have with the past. I shall never forget finding you. It is as clear in my mind today as if it had happened an hour ago. You were the first living thing I had seen for weeks. When I saw you, there seemed to be some reason for my own life, which had become an intolerable burden. I called you Lilith because I hoped—

LIL. What did you hope?

JESS. That man had not quite defeated the purposes of God.

LIL. (*She sees no particular point in this and passes it with a shake of her head*). I can never understand how there can have been so much life and then so much death. You have tried to tell me and I have tried to understand, but I can't.

JESS. It came gradually and yet I feel that I always knew it was coming. There were shadows of war over Europe (over other countries beyond the sea) shadows lengthening instead of receding and then an overwhelming darkness. I can remember the time when I used to wish for ten more years of happy life, then five years. After that I became a coward, I wished for death. I wanted to escape from seeing any more people die. I was afraid I might be brought down to the level of an animal by hunger and fear and lose my soul.

LIL. But surely it was better to live? If you and I were not alive now there would be nothing, no one to know whether the sun shone, no one to breathe the air.

JESS. (*wearily*). No. (*then with a change of tone*) I don't want your life to be like mine, Lilith. Mine ended when I was twenty-five, and up to that time I had always been hoping that what I wanted was just round the corner. Then came this curious posthumous life. I wonder if ghosts feel as lonely among the living as the living feel among the dead?

LIL. Jessica, why do you talk so strangely? You make me think you haven't been happy.

JESS. My dear, I have, in a way, been happy, but life hasn't been very full, has it? You'll admit our experiences have been rather limited?

LIL. (*with concentration, wrinkling her forehead*) I think I understand what you mean. Jessica, do you still hope?

JESS. Oh, I've long given up hoping for myself.

LIL. Jessica!

JESS. Oh, you needn't be sorry. Hope is quite a good thing to give up. Nothing brings you such tranquility. At first I still

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kept my longing to see round the corner. I was always pressing on to find something and always finding nothing. It was almost unbearable at times, but I went on hoping for years, for you—until—

LIL. Until what?

JESS. I am beginning to be afraid we shall never meet another human being. Ever since you could walk any distance, even before that, when I used to carry you, I have gone up and down the country, looking and hoping.

LIL. I know, but we've been very happy. You are enough for me, you complete my life, without you I should have been an animal.

JESS. Without you I should have died.

LIL. Jessica, you are older than I am, years and years older, you are certain to die before I do (*she is suddenly frightened and runs to Jessica, catching her hand*). What shall I do then?

JESSICA. (*stroking her hair*). We are sure to find somebody before then, sweetheart, someone for you to live with and to love you.

LIL. Oh no, no. It's you I shall always want. We think the same thoughts, I understand you before you speak, you understand me.

JESS. You are my other self, I moulded you, made you, it was inevitable. You are more truly my child than if I had given birth to you. But if this is the end—

LIL. There must be other people living. The whole world you talk about couldn't have died.

JESS. No, but we are cut off from the rest of the world. That used to be considered as one of the charms of being on an island. It separated us from other nationalities.

LIL. Why should you want to be cut off? How many other nationalities were there?

JESS. A great many, although my father would have told you that there were only two, Englishmen and foreigners, but he was wrong. Unfortunately, there were many people in other countries who felt the same.

LIL. You mean they felt that only their own country really mattered?

JESS. Yes, and those feelings helped to bring about the end.

LIL. You've made me sad, Jessica. I feel as if the sun had gone behind a cloud and yet everything seems very beautiful.

JESS. It is beautiful, too beautiful to think that soon there

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may be no more eyes to see it *(she smiles at the girl who is standing under the flowering tree, her arm laid along a branch, her head tilted back against the stem)*. It is a pity there isn't someone to see you, my dear. It is not enough to be beautiful, only appreciation can make it complete. *(As they talk a young man comes up the steps on the opposite side and stands looking at Liliith. He is tall and dark, brown from the sun and air and naturally graceful. He is wearing a rough brown tunic reaching just to his knees. He fixes his eyes on the girl with the expression of a man who has found what he has been seeking for a long time and who for the moment is content. Liliith is the first to see him. She looks at him steadily without a word, her arms drop to her sides. The young man smiles at her.)*

LIL. *(in a whisper)*. Jessica! Someone has come. *(She moves closer to the elder woman who turns round sharply and raises her hand to her mouth as if to stop a cry. The man steps towards Liliith, his hands held out.)*

GABRIEL. You're not afraid of me, are you? I saw you this morning, as the sun rose, and I followed you. *(He takes her hand which she yields to him frankly. She is very quickly becoming reassured. Jessica makes a little gesture towards a pile of stones as if inviting the stranger to sit down, and then gives it up, remembering that their visitor will probably sit down when he wishes. She sits down herself and watches them. She is endeavouring to realise the magnitude of the event.)*

LIL. *(giving him both her hands)*. Where have you been living? Why have we never seen each other? Are you alone or are there other people? Are you hungry? We have plenty of food. You always give food to visitors, I know, Jessica told me *(She drops on her knees beside a bag of plaited straw. The young man shakes his head. She rises and picks up the jug.)* You are thirsty? I will get some water.

GAB. Don't go. Stay where you are and let me look at you. I saw a picture of a woman once, my father found it and showed it to me, but she was not like you, not living, warm.

LIL. You live with your father?

GAB. I did, until he died and then I was alone, alone with my brother, Reuben.

LIL. Your father is dead? Death is strange and sad, you must have wanted him to stay with you. I have lived with Jessica always *(indicates Jessica by a gesture)*. We were so happy, I thought

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I couldn't be happier, but perhaps I was wrong. You will live with us now, forever?

GAB. I shall live with *you* forever.

LIL. Oh, but we must live with Jessica, too, we must always live with Jessica, she would be quite alone.

GAB. Then we will live with Jessica.

LIL. What is your name? My name is Lilith, that is what Jessica calls me, what you must call me.

GAB. I am Gabriel (*they each repeat solemnly "Gabriel," "Lilith," and then laugh*).

GAB. Let's talk to each other for days. That flower is you (he touches a daisy in the grass, holding its face up without breaking the stem) white and gold. I have always loved daisies. Reuben, my brother, picks flowers and they wither. He breaks them from their stalks in his thick hands, I hate to see it, I like them living, swaying in the wind, like you when I first saw you this morning, dancing. Why were you dancing?

LIL. (*with some sense of its being rather a silly question*). I don't know, I don't ask myself why when I dance. As the thought comes, my feet move.

GAB. That's how the birds sing.

LIL. Yes, when they sing their spirits are set free and your soul can meet with theirs.

GAB. The same life, the same spirit is in the tree they sing on. When you lay your hand on a tree trunk in spring it is warm and beating, like a heart.

LIL. I know, I've felt it. Gabriel, until now I have not been complete. I have always been waiting for something without knowing it. You have come and my life is fulfilled, perfected. The sun is warmer when we stand together, the air smells sweeter. Look at the wind silvering the grass (*she points*) Look, look at those wheeling white birds.

GAB. You speak to my soul. To look at you is to see everything. (*Jessica in the meanwhile has fetched water and laid out fruit and bread on some leaves. She has withdrawn from the lovers completely, they are unconscious that she is there until Lilith turns suddenly and sees the meal.*)

LIL. Jessica! I had forgotten you! You've been fetching water alone, you've been doing everything. Sit down. You shall have the ripest apples picked out for you, the crispest bread (*she*

is impulsively contrite, like a child. She half pushes Jessica into a sitting position, and they kneel one each side of her, feeding her and laughing.)

GAB. (*looking round him*). What is this place, or rather what was it? Do you know?

JESS. It was a church, a house for God.

LIL. Did people believe that God lived here?

JESS. Not here especially. It was a place built for them to come together and think about Him.

LIL. Why couldn't they think about Him alone? I don't think I should have liked your world, Jessica. Everyone had to do everything at the same time. You couldn't all have felt the same at the same moment.

GAB. (*to Jessica*). Does it make you sad to come here? My father would never come into a dead town. He used to hate God for killing a whole nation and leaving him alive.

JESS. Men are free to choose between life and death. If they choose death, they can't expect to be saved in spite of themselves.

LIL. Why should men kill each other?

JESS. Fear and greed, but mostly fear. The instinct to keep and the instinct to take. Millions of pounds of money which might have been used to make life more beautiful were spent preparing means of death.

LIL. It sounds like madness. No matter how often you explain it, it always sounds like madness.

JESS. It was fear. The whole of civilization applied its money, time and talents to evolving a means of self-destruction. As far as we can judge it seems to have succeeded very well. It is a strange climax.

LIL. I wonder if there are other worlds.

GAB. What use is it to us if there are other worlds of which we know nothing? It doesn't help us unless these things touch our lives. We belong to a world that has been destroyed.

JESS. People destroyed themselves. Before you came, I thought God was defeated by the stupidity of his own creation. Now I begin to have hope.

GAB. (*taking Lilith's hand*). My beautiful, you and I will give the world strong sons. They will find a way to cross the sea where other men and women live, men and women like ourselves. All that

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great sum of human fear and hate was not enough to quench the spark of life that we have kept burning.

LIL. How happy God will be!

GAB. Do you believe in God?

LIL. What do you mean "believe in God"? You can't help believing in Him, He is there. You might as well say "Do you believe in that piece of stone (*she strikes her hand against a broken pillar*) or that tree.

GAB. I could believe in God today. Everything seems new.

LIL. Everything is new. Don't you see, Gabriel, this is the beginning of a new world. No one will make the same mistakes again. We will tell them, our children, and they will remember, always.

JESS. Perhaps your children won't believe you.

LIL. But they will, they will see for themselves. Look at those ruins, the graveyard of a life blotted out by hate.

JESS. You know this isn't the only great civilization that has been blotted out. There were others.

GAB. Yes, I remember my father telling me, and yet people forget. It is always hard to imagine these things happening to oneself.

JESS. There are some things that it is difficult to imagine even when they have happened. My life has been so strange that even now I often wonder whether I am asleep.

LIL. (*half laughing, half wistful*). If we're part of your dream, Jessica, don't ever wake up.

JESS. Are you so happy?

LIL. Yes. (*She picks up the jug and puts it to her lips but it is empty.*) There's no more water. I'll get some. (*She runs down the steps, the young man stands looking after her as if afraid she might not come back. Jessica smiles up at him.*)

JESS. She'll come back, Gabriel, don't be anxious. Stay here and let me talk to you. I'm very happy and a little afraid.

GAB. Afraid? Why?

JESS. Because I have begun to hope again. Hope makes for fear. We must be very careful of this opportunity, Gabriel.

GAB. I know what you mean. Now there is so much that seems possible. Before I felt that although I had the strength to move a mountain, I was never sure which mountain should be moved. And so I never began.

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JESS. Are you sure now ?

GAB. Yes. Now I know I shall not die without leaving something of myself behind. I am no longer an end but a beginning. The world will begin again from this country.

JESS. How happy my father would have been if he could have foreseen that the chosen people would replenish the earth, and yet whatever does it matter how life comes, so long as it comes ?

GAB. Did your father believe particularly in English people ?

JESS. Particularly.

GAB. Why ?

JESS. I don't know why exactly, excepting that he felt them to be part of himself, men living in the same country, speaking the same language. Very many people feel like that, especially when wars come.

GAB. I don't altogether see why loving your own people should make you want to fight.

JESS. Fighting is a primitive instinct.

GAB. What do you mean ?

JESS. I mean that it is natural.

GAB. Natural to kill ? Oh no, Jessica, you're wrong. I could never want to kill a human being. It would be impossible, hideous.

JESS. You don't know what you are talking about. If you hated anyone, the urge to destroy would come. Don't you know what it is to feel your body stiffen with rage, with the urge to smash something ?

GAB. No.

JESS. You will. I used to feel like that, but this life doesn't stimulate rage very much. There is no use in raging at Nature, she only smiles at you, and I could never kill an animal.

GAB. Neither could I. They look up into your face, sometimes frightened, but more often quiet and trustful. I couldn't kill a bird either.

JESS. No, that is almost more impossible. A vegetable diet has been forced on me for the last twenty-five years. I wonder how many people in the past would have eaten meat if they had had to kill the animal themselves.

GAB. I often wonder what people did to fill their days when there was so much done for them.

JESS. We mostly spent our time working for other people in order to earn money to pay people to work for us.

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GAB. (*thinking this out*). Then you came back to the point where you started from?

JESS. Yes, it was just a circle and many of us were very tired of going round it. I believe some people imagined that a war might bring them some excitement. They used to talk about wanting a change.

GAB. And when the change came it was death?

JESS. Yes. But it was a very tired world. Perhaps it will be good to have a new beginning. How old are you, Gabriel?

GAB. Twenty.

JESS. So is Lilith. You will let me live my life out beside you? I promise you I won't trouble you very much, but I love Lilith.

GAB. She loves you. How strangely beautiful she is! Sunshine and moonshine, daylight and darkness. Have you seen her dancing?

JESS. (*smiling sympathetically at his fervour*). Yes.

GAB. I saw her this morning, close to a tree with a silver stem and I followed her. I didn't see you.

JESS. (*with a little laugh*). Why should you? It was enough to see Lilith. (*She gets up.*) What is the girl doing? Either day dreaming or else she can't find the spring. I showed it to her this morning, but I suppose she doesn't remember. (*Jessica goes down the steps calling Lilith! Gabriel moves to the edge of the platform and looks out towards the river. Suddenly something catches his eye and makes him turn back quickly with an appearance of fear. He sees the remains of the meal on the ground and grabs up the fragments hastily, flinging them out of sight. He has just done so when a young man a few years older than himself strides up the broken steps on the opposite side of the platform. He is tall but heavily built so that his movements are clumsy. He is chewing the stem of a flower, which hangs from his lips. He is dressed similarly to his brother. It is characteristic of him that he knocks over a little pile of stones with a crash as he reaches the platform. Gabriel meets his brother with an attitude that is distinctly hostile.*)

REUBEN. Where have you been, man? Why didn't you come back to that fallen tree where we arranged to meet? I've been waiting for you. Look at the sun, it's nearly midday.

GAB. I'm sorry. I didn't notice. I stayed here too long. Let's go now (*he tries to take his brother by the arm*).

REUB. Wait, there's no hurry. What is this place? It must

have been a large building with an entrance like this. Look at that broken column (*pointing, his hand on his brother's shoulder*). Isn't this the square that father used to tell us about with a huge pillar in the middle in memory of a man who stopped the French or some such people from coming across the sea to live in England?

GAB. Yes, I expect it is.

REUB. It's a pity he did stop them, there might be some alive now.

GAB. It was too long ago.

REUB. Well, their children might be living now, or their children's children. Anything would be better than living quite alone, without another human being.

GAB. Yes. Let's go now, Reuben.

REUB. Why should we go? You were going to stay here before I came (*shaking his arm free*). Let me alone, I'll go when I please. Or why not fetch our food and eat it up here? The sun is warm on these stones. We'll clear this bush out of the way (*he seizes the flowering tree and bends the slender trunk across his knee. Gabriel has seen Liliith standing under the tree, the petals in her hair, less than half an hour ago. It is sacrilege to him. He springs forward but is too late, as the frail sapling snaps, Liliith comes running up the steps followed by Jessica.*)

LIL. What have you done? What have you done? Oh, how cruel, cruel (*she drops on her knees by the tree, caressing the split wood with her fingers, laying her lips and cheeks against it*)

REUB. By God, a woman! A woman at last! A young woman, a beautiful woman. A woman between us, brother, unless you like to take the mother, when I won't quarrel with you.

GAB. (*his hand on Liliith's shoulder*). She is mine.

REUB. Yours? Why yours? Because you found her? You were trying to keep her from me, I see now. No, that won't do, Gabriel. We've always shared everything we've found. Come to me. (*He holds out his hands towards Liliith, who shrinks back in the first real fear of her life. Gabriel presses in front of her. Jessica stands absolutely still, watching, she is petrified into a statue by fear and horror. With a quick movement Reuben flings his slim brother aside and drags the girl towards him. She holds her hands tightly clasped under her chin, her eyes are staring. Reuben envelops her in his arms, he presses his lips hungrily against her face and neck. She is rigid in his arms and does not struggle. Suddenly Gabriel*

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flings himself on his brother from behind and Reuben turns, letting go Lilith, who staggers blindly past Jessica, her hands covering her face, and down the steps. The two men close and fight savagely. They sway backwards and forwards on the edge of the platform, locked together. Jessica has followed Lilith down the steps. A cry is heard and then Jessica reappears, distraught.)

JESS. Stop! Stop! For the love of God, stop. What do you think you are fighting for? *(Pierced by the urgency of her voice, the combatants slacken their grip and turn to look at her.)*

GAB. For Lilith.

JESS. She is dead.

GAB. *(with a pitiful gesture of refusing to believe)*. Oh no, no.

REUB. She can't be dead, where is she, let me see her.

JESS. She is quite dead. She fell, down the steps, quite dead. I left her, she is too heavy for me to carry. I closed her eyes. They were full of fear. *(Her voice is dry and toneless. She shudders and sitting down drops her head on her arms.)*

GAB. *(picking a daisy, kissing it)*. Lilith, my beautiful, white and gold. *(He puts his hand to his forehead and then looks at it as if he expected to find it wet with blood. He moves very, very slowly down the steps.)*

REUB. *(shaking Jessica by the arm)*. Are you sure she is the last? The only woman? Are you sure there is no one else?

JESS. *(raising her head)*. There is no one else. This is the end.

N. K. TURNER.

THE CRANE

by D. B. QUINN

FIT girders in me ; I am man of steel,
stopping the wind in narrow planes,
framing the purchasable sun.

Tinker and drive and turn :
O Gods ! Long my winding arm,
longer my hand—the digested armature,
the pigmy at the wheel—

Slope against the sky smoke-stacks,
you are below me,
you are at my mercy
to lift, guide into the air,
drop down.
And passenger not know
on whose finger he turns

Feeding in bowels of ships,
I have known no itch
to hunger at food, at cooking stoves :
I retch and provide
bananas, cannon, cattle and cars
for your weak mouth.

O bless me with your small lips,
look up, clasp your hands :
pray that I send no iron for your souls,
keep your victuals sweet and whole.

I am your master till my chain runs out ;
pray I will not turn, snap up, devour.

TIDES AND THE SOLENT.

SINCE the very twilight of recorded history, Man the Thinker has striven to wrest from nature the hidden mystery of those incessant but regular pulsations of the Oceans of the World, which are designated Tides.

As these phenomena are only obvious at the shores of Tidal Oceans the absence of comment upon them by the writers and thinkers of the great early Eastern Mediterranean Empires—Egypt, for example—is quite understandable.

Yet the early Hebrew writings seem at least to have framed obscure references to the moon's effects in a context referring to "the deep that lieth under" (Deut. xxxiii. 13-14), and research appears to have established a close connection, or at least liaison between, early Hebrew maritime tribes occupying the West Palestinian seaboard (Judges v. 17) and the Phoenician mariners who did not hesitate at times to venture westward of the "Pillars of Hercules."

It is certain that these fearless navigators traded with the inhabitants of the British Isles during the latter half of the first Millennium B.C., and it is equally reasonable to argue that such regular commerce postulates a greater degree of tidal knowledge than that possessed by Julius Caesar, who foolishly hauled up his galleys upon our shores at Neap tides and not unnaturally lost or damaged a great number of them during the subsequent period of Full Moon.

The Etrusco-Phoenician seamen were undoubtedly interested in both the vertical and horizontal tidal movements of the North Atlantic and British Coasts, for they steered compass courses, and would thus depend upon a rough knowledge of tidal streams for the making of good landfalls, and of tides (vertical fluctuations) in order to judge whether their ports were accessible upon arrival off them.

As it is undoubtedly a fact that the increase of tidal knowledge has been consistently due to the exigencies of the navigator, a brief tracing of such development may prove instructive.

Apart from the obscure reference, quoted above, the first specific historical mention of tides is due to Herodotus (circa 450 B.C.), where Red Sea tides are commented upon.

Aristotle (circa 350 B.C.) remarks with delightful naïveté: "It is even said that many ebbs and risings of the sea always came round with the Moon and on certain fixed days."

Pytheas (circa 330 B.C.) who sailed westward to Britain (and possibly visited Iceland) noted a lunar relation to the tides, and appears to have been the first to note what is known as "phase inequality," i.e. variations in both tide time intervals from the the moon's transit and also tidal heights, each varying with the moon's phases.

Pytheas also measured tidal heights between low and high waters (technically "ranges"), which shows that the ancients were even at that time very exercised in understanding tidal causes.

Caesar (55 B.C.) recounts the incident mentioned above, and Strabo (10 A.D.) describes the tides of the North-west European Coasts at some length; he even mentions the phenomenon known as "diurnal inequality," i.e. when two tides in the same tidal day are markedly different in height, due to certain declinational positions of the Sun and Moon in conjunction with the phases of the latter.

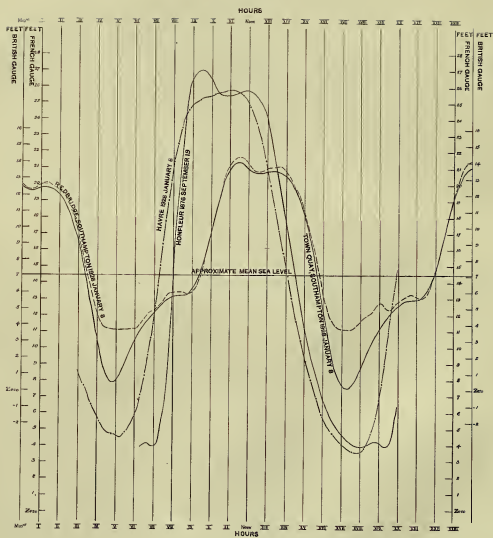
Pliny (circa 50 A.D.) in his *Natural History*, gives a detailed account of the tides, including definitions of lunitidal interval, phase inequality, etc., and also notices that equinoctial tides rise higher than those occurring at the Solstices.

Having considered the crude astronomical framework available to these ancient investigators, one is struck by the fact that up to the time of Pliny, all the broad features of tidal phenomena had in some measure been observed, but it is remarkable that tidal science, with one exception, made little further progress until the period succeeding the Reformation, when the Elizabethan seamen had stirred the young Island Empire into vigorous youth, and the new and more exact astronomy had laid a more enduring foundation for a true knowledge of the maritime sciences so essential to her well-being.

The solitary exception to this pre-Reformation conservatism in tidal matters is no less a person than the Venerable Bede (700 A.D.), whose explanation of the causes of the Solent double half-day tides may yet prove to be the true one, and concerning which more will be said below.

It seems, however, that the loss of the effects of King John in the Wash (1216 A.D.)—due to inexact tidal knowledge—and the consequent death of the King, stimulated some tidal enquiry in

PLATE I.



COTIDAL MAP
— OF THE —
BRITISH ISLANDS.
FOR THE DAY OF NEW MOON



TIDES AND THE SOLENT

ecclesiastical circles, and a recorded attempt at tidal prediction commenced by John Wallingford, an Abbott (1213), is preserved in a MS. now in the British Museum.

The names of Kepler, Newton, Laplace, Darwin, Whewell and Kelvin are milestones in the rapid post-Reformation strides towards that more exact tidal knowledge which enables an entire year's tides at our main seaports to be mechanically computed in a few hours by the "Kelvin" type of predictor employed by the Liverpool Tidal Institute.

Up to the early years of the nineteenth century, however, tidal predictions for our main ports were mostly computed by persons in whose families the secrets of local prediction were handed down from father to son, a glaring example of the "hoarding" of knowledge which has now happily been swept away by the fruits of modern research.

It is still a fact, however, that whilst modern methods of "harmonic" analysis enable about 75 per cent of an annual series of predicted heights to come within 6 inches of the observed values, this theory (originated by Laplace) does not completely account for all the vagaries of tidal behaviour.

The Solent tides, for example, are by no means inclined to yield up all their secrets under the microscopic scrutiny of modern research, and it is interesting to search through the records of the controverted discussion—as old as Bede—of the origin of unique features which characterize the double half-day tides of Southampton Water.

Plate I shows the distinctive features of such tidal curves, and it is remarkable that the "Young Flood" stand is so little commented upon when so much prominence is given to the Double High Waters by publicists.

The former feature is probably an even greater asset to the Port of Southampton than the latter.

A comparison with the tidal curves of Honfleur and Havre (superimposed upon Plate I.) clearly shows that the double high water—or at least prolonged tidal stand—cannot be due, as has been erroneously conjectured—to the effect of the Isle of Wight, as this is reproduced upon the French coasts as well as at adjacent localities upon our own.

I am indebted to my predecessor, the late Commander J. A. Rupert-Jones, R.D., R.N.R., F.R.A.S., for the following principle

which is, in my opinion, at least the clue to the final solution to the problem.

The principle is that the First High Water is caused by the east-going tidal wave directly approaching the area up the English Channel, and the Second High Water by the immediately preceding tidal wave (12h. 25m. prior) which has travelled around the Scottish Coast, down the North Sea, interpenetrating the East-going Channel wave with varying effects depending upon the phase relationship of the two. (See Plate II, showing co-tidal lines.)

This "interpenetration" effect has been noted off the Netherland Coasts in maps showing North Sea co-tidal lines, but the principle has not been officially extended to the English Channel.

In the explanation borne upon the North Sea co-tidal map published by the Admiralty in 1918, the following note on the "phase" of the interpenetrating waves is given: "When two tides meet, if their crests are between 0 hours and 3 hours apart, *double high waters occur*; if their crests are between 3 hours and 6 hours apart *double low waters occur*."

It is, therefore, instructive to find a double low water occurring at Portland—known locally as the "Gulder"—and also to find an "attempt" at this in the "Young Flood" in the Solent, which at Southampton sometimes actually drops nearly a foot.

In Camden's *Britannia* (1695), the following remarkable passage occurs: "From Winchester more Eastward the River Hamble out of a large mouth runs into the sea; Bede calls it Homelea and says it runs through the country of the Jutes, and falls into the Solent; for so he calls the Channel running between Britain and the Isle of Wight, into which, at certain hours, two opposite tides coming up with great violence from the ocean and meeting here, raised so great an admiration in our forefathers, that they reckoned it one of the wonders of Britain."

A general analysis of atmospheric pressure and wind and their comparative effects upon the Channel and North Sea Tidal wave seems to at least point very closely to the relevance of this ancient theory, and I shall in conclusion quote the words of the Venerable Bede, who may yet prove a more shrewd observer of Tides and the Solent than many who come after him in time:—

"In this narrow sea (The Solent) the two tides of the ocean which flow round Britain from the immense Northern Ocean (Atlantic?) daily meet and oppose one another beyond the mouth of the River Homelea

TIDES AND THE SOLENT

(Hamble) which runs into that narrow sea from the lands of the Jutes, which belong to the country of the Gewissae; after this meeting and struggling together of the two seas, they return into the ocean from whence they come." (The italics are mine.)

The tidal streams of the Solent also constitute a remarkable set of phenomena, but—well, that is another story!

CAPTAIN D. H. MACMILLAN,
Lieut. Commdr. R.N.R. (Retd.),
Hydrographer to the Southampton Harbour Board.



THE RAID

by D. B. QUINN

EVEN as I at the morning
grew old waiting for the explosion
the tent too that I built
shuddered in the air impending.

Summer and autumn, winter,
the green gathered dry into the fold,
the crumbling rust resigning,
dust into column of dust climbs.

The house is suddenly tattered
—a scarecrow in a scarred field—
a corner stone in the mind torn out,
the ground opening and shutting
with the jaws of death.

And after, the quiet, the spilled blood weeping
a damp trickle on the walls still standing;
voices acclaim an unsound deliverance,
crumbs again crossing and folding
and yet no bread.

"WEST LONDON"

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

"Crouch'd on the pavement, close by Belgrave Square."

Traduit par Jules Jéraut, Southampton, Août, 1936.

SUR le trottoir blottie, en un riche quartier,
Je vis une pauvre, accablée et muette,
Un bébé dans les bras, près d'elle une fillette,
Vêtements en lambeaux et les pieds sans soulier.

Passent des compagnons, allant à leur chantier.
Elle touche l'enfant, qui traverse, inquiète,
Leur demande une aumône et revient, satisfaite.
—Lorsqu'un riche passait, son œil restait d'acier.

Sur son destin, pensai-je, un idéal subsiste :
Elle n'accepte rien du puissant, mais du triste,
De l'ami qui partage un sort plein de douleur.

Elle sait dédaigner la charité glacée
De la main ignorante à la main ignorée,
Et nous fait entrevoir un avenir meilleur.


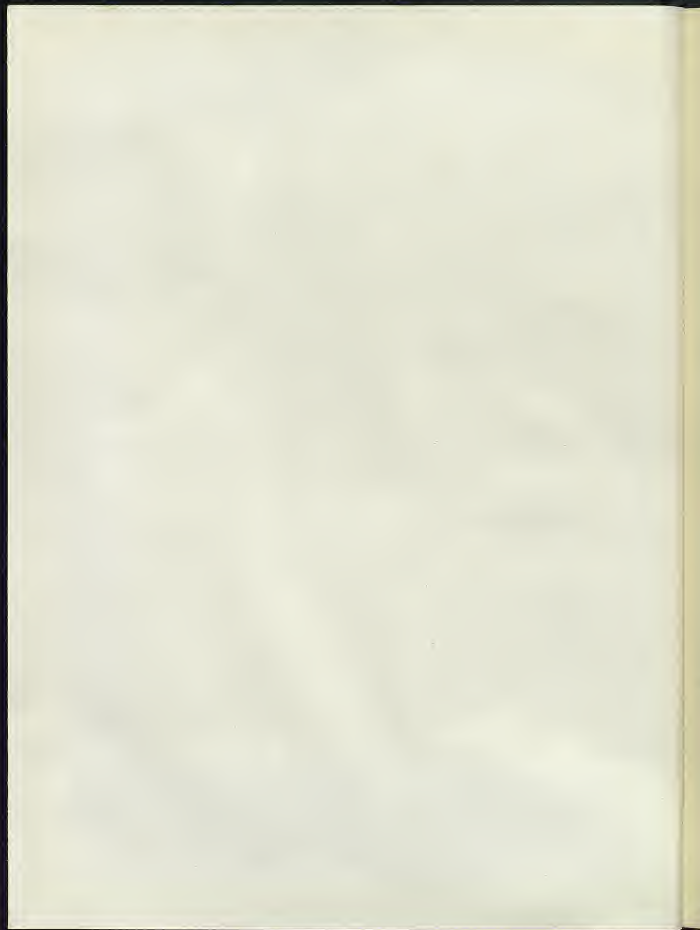


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CHILDREN OF ROUEN.
Photograph by W. R. KAY, Esq., F.R.P.S.



THE SALON IN SOUTHAMPTON.

"THE splendid gaiety, the refined excitement, the pathos, the wit, the passion—all these things have vanished as completely from our perceptions as the candles, the powder, the looking-glasses, and the brocades, among which they moved and had their being." These words of Lytton Strachey, in his essay on *Voltaire's Tragedies*, evoke the spirit of the Salon, and the Salon will always be the symbol of that surprizing and fascinating age, the eighteenth century. One thinks of Madame du Deffand in France, surrounded by poets and philosophers, sceptical abbés and literary noblemen, filling the nights with talk; of Mrs. Thrale or Lady Betty Craven in England, drawing forth the wisdom of Samuel Johnson, the gallantry of Boswell, the wit of Garrick. These were "the drawing-rooms," the "little circles" which Strachey describes as "so charming with the familiarity of their privacy. . . ."

Southampton had its salons, too, not only during its brief period of fame as a health resort, but earlier in the century, when Swift and Pope were still pricking the bubbles of their pretentious world with the arrows of their satire. They both had a friend in Southampton. His name was Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough, whose beautiful house on Bevois Mount was the home of his retirement. The Earl had played many parts in his restless life, none very successfully, and in his last days he suffered from a complaint which seems to attack modern dictators; it took the form of delusions of grandeur.

In the Abbé de la Bleterie's life of Julian the Apostate he had read of the Roman emperor's theatrical death, and had decided that he too would die in the imperial manner. To a friend he wrote: "Like the Emperor Julian, upon a mound, beneath a clear blue sky, surrounded by one's friends, not tearfully but rather with a sort of exaltation—that is the way an English nobleman should die."

So he named the day, sent invitations to his friends and anyone else who cared to come, and prepared to depart. Pope was present, and he has left us a description of the scene in a letter which he wrote from Bevois Mount House. "Every creature in Southampton

who cared to come was there," he said. He had always liked Peterborough, and now, seeing beyond the old Earl's eccentricities, he admired him. "It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition," he wrote. "He is dying every hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to do; a man never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them."

A strange scene was presented on that day to the gaze of philosophers and poets, idlers and servants, but the tragedy was a failure because it had no climax. The Earl's fine clothes and shining eyes, aflame with a terrible intensity, served but to draw attention to his pale face and feeble walk. Slowly, painfully he moved up and down in the midst of the embarrassed throng. A word of endearment to his wife (he had softened towards the Countess at last, after allowing the world to regard her as his mistress for years), a pleasantry with Pope, and then he addressed them all from the summit of his mount, declaimed against the Ministers of State, and talked of the decay of public honour.

But death, so necessary to give the last artistic touch, would not come even at the command of an Earl. It was not until a few months later (in October, 1735) that Peterborough's fantastic career came to an end, not at Bevois Mount, as he had hoped, but in Lisbon, whither he had gone in a last attempt to regain his health.

Bevois Mount House was built on the mound which, according to legend, Sir Bevis of Hampton threw up to prevent the Danes from crossing the Itchen. Pope described the grounds and surrounding country as "beautiful beyond imagination." The Earl used to call this Southampton retreat his Blenheim. The house, he told his friends, was "a wild, romantic cottage, overlooking the Itchen Ferry," and he thought the grounds most attractive at high water "when the tide forms a bay at the foot of the mound." He was so proud of the high water effect that he would not allow his visitors in the garden when the tide was out. The paths and "carpenters' work" were adorned with flags and old guns, relics of his campaigns in the War of the Spanish Succession. "My only Spanish spoils", he used to say.

One would give much to know what was said about Voltaire in this Southampton salon. So many tales are told of the French genius's association with the English noble, but little is known for certain. As Lytton Strachey says in his essay, *Voltaire and England*, "now and then some chance remark raises our expectations, only to make our disappointment more acute." A certain Major Broome

THE SALON IN SOUTHAMPTON

noted in his diary that at dinner M. Voltaire "told me of his acquaintance with Pope, Swift (with whom he lived for three months at Lord Peterborough's), and Gay, who first showed him the "Beggars Opera" before it was acted. He says he admired Swift, and loved Gay vastly. He said that Swift had a great deal of *ridiculum acre*."

It is said that the "three months at Lord Peterborough's" ended with Voltaire in ignominious retreat. He is supposed to have swindled the Earl, who drew his sword in a rage, but few can now be found to pay any attention to this tale. Perhaps Peterborough told the truth of the matter in his memoirs, but alas, those were destroyed by his wife after his death. The Countess took one glance at them, blushed deeply, and threw them in the fire.

Another famous aristocrat who maintained a salon in Southampton was Lady Betty Craven, "pretty, gay and fascinating Lady Craven" as Boswell calls her. Travelled, witty and altogether charming, student of Voltaire and friend of Horace Walpole, she put into practice some of those advanced ideas which so many of her contemporaries only talked about.

For a fortnight at a time, perhaps for a month, Anspach House, her Southampton residence near the fashionable West Quay (where gouty dukes and rheumy lords bathed for the good of their health) would be a scene of glittering brilliance. There would be a round of receptions; masques in the garden, and theatricals in the ballroom. No doubt one of Lady Craven's own French plays would be produced.

In the coffee houses of the town idle tongues gossiped. The reputation the woman had! They said she was an atheist, and quite unprincipled. Hadn't she run away to Germany, leaving behind a sorrowing husband and six children, to live at the court of the Margrave of Anspach? And hadn't she had the impudence to give out that she was to be considered as the Margrave's sister? . . . True, she had married him when Lord Craven died. But . . . And so the talk went on.

Hers was a strange story. The marriage to Lord Craven was arranged by her parents, and although she bore him six children she never loved him. She was quite aware of her unusual qualities, and it is not at all surprising that she decided to live her own life when the first opportunity presented itself. She would travel; she would cultivate the learned, the witty and the wise; she would fall in love, if she had a mind to; in fact, she would do as she jolly well pleased!

Lady Craven must have been one of the greatest women

travellers of the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole, her devoted admirer, writing one day in 1786, said: "As balloons have not yet settled any post offices in the air" he doubted whether his letter would reach her, for he had heard from her at Venice one week, in Poland another, and he would not be surprised to receive the next mail from Petersburg by way of Tartary. As a matter of fact, she had travelled in Russia, from Constantinople through the Crimea.

Every now and again she would return to England, descend upon fashionable society ("she is *infinitamente* indiscreet" observed easy-going Walpole) and then dart away to the ends of the earth.

Her friends (and enemies) really did have something to talk about when she went to the Court of Anspach and stayed there as a German princeling's mistress. When Lord Craven died they married, and the Margrave sold his toy dukedom and became an English landowner.

Very different, although no less a child of his age, was John Hoadley, Rector of St. Mary's, probably the greatest (that is the worst) pluralist of his time. The son of Benjamin Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, Salisbury and Winchester in turn, who began his career as a Whig pamphleteer, he took orders so that he might benefit from the rich patronage at his father's disposal. In his heyday his income from the Church must have been at least £40,000 a year. At one period he was Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, Prebend of Winchester Cathedral, Master of St. Cross, Rector of Michelmersh, Vicar of Overton, Rector of Wroughton in Wiltshire, and incumbent of Alresford.

At Cambridge he read for his LL.B. degree, and his name was entered for the Middle Temple. While an undergraduate he collaborated with his brother, Benjamin, in writing a satirical play, "The Contrast," which was produced in Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre. It lampooned many famous men of letters, and was especially scabrous in its treatment of James Thomson, the poet. Even easy-going Bishop Hoadley would not allow this, and he sternly commanded his sons to bring their production to an end. As a matter of fact, it would soon have died a natural death, for, despite its libellous nature, it did not attract a big public.

But, having been caught by the glamour of the theatre, John Hoadley determined to pursue his career as a dramatist. So he looked round for a lucrative sinecure which would leave him free to write. At the age of 24 he was made Chancellor of the Diocese

THE SALON IN SOUTHAMPTON

of Winchester, and soon afterwards received holy orders. The Prince of Wales lost no time in appointing Hoadley his chaplain.

In 1743 he became Rector of "St. Maries-without-the-walls," and his letters to David Garrick, a lifelong friend, often reveal a longing to be in London. "Talk to me," he begged Garrick, "talk to me of plays, and players, and theatres and things." Sometimes he rated his friend for not calling at the Rectory ("my poor pudden"!) when he travelled in the neighbourhood. The poor pudden, we may be sure, was the complete gentleman's household, with butlers and footmen, coachmen and a good stable, and lots of choice wines in the cellars. Distinguished visitors to Southampton were asked to take part in the rectory theatricals. These parlour plays were by no means as dull as they sound. Once Hoadley, with Garrick and Hogarth, produced an amusing parody of the ghost scene from "Julius Caesar."

All through his life Hoadley's pen was busy. He poured out farces, tragedies, pastorals, oratorios, comedies and poems; revised them, polished them and rewrote them; discussed them with Garrick, and filled endless letters with chatter about them. Occasionally his work came to life in London, but it was written for the salon, and I doubt whether Hoadley cared very much about popular success. It is interesting to recall that his farce "The Housekeeper" just missed being put on at Drury Lane in place of the famous "High Life Below Stairs." In his old age we find him writing to Garrick about a new play, "Love's Revenge," but he is losing his former confidence. "We old fellows," he says, "decay in judgment as well as composition. That may be the case with me. . . ." Garrick probably agreed when he received his friend's amended version of "Hamlet."

It was towards the end of his life when Bennett Langton, weary, perhaps, of London without Sam Johnson, came to live in Southampton. He took rooms in Anspach-place, conveniently near to the chalybeate springs, the Long Rooms, and Mr. Martin's famous bathing establishment on the Western Shore.

But if he hoped to regain his failing health he was doomed to disappointment. Perhaps, as the nineteenth century dawned, he realised he was suffering from an incurable nostalgia, for he belonged to an age which was passing into the shadows of memory. In 1801 he died and a brilliant epoch ended. He was buried in St. Michael's Church, and his friends placed a memorial tablet there. The inscription may still be read:—

WESSEX

Bennett Langton, de Langton,
in Agro Lincolnensi, Armr.,

Ob : 18 Decr : 1801.

Aetat : 65

Sit anima mea cum Langtono.

The words of the epitaph were once spoken of Langton by Dr. Johnson, who loved him as a man loves his son. One can hardly resist quoting Macaulay's vivid picture of a meeting of the Literary Club when Langton was present. On the table "stood the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson. There were assembled those heads which live for ever on the canvas of Reynolds. The spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton ; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk and the beaming smile of Garrick ; Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet to his ear."

Like Boswell, Langton had been a hero worshipper from his youth. When he first came to London in his teens his one desire was to meet the Rambler. Boswell has left us an unforgettable record of their first encounter : "Mr. Langton was exceedingly surprised when the sage first appeared. He had not received the smallest intimation of his figure, dress, or manner. From perusing his writings he fancied he should see a decent, well-dressed, in short, a remarkably decorous philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bedchamber about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. . . ."

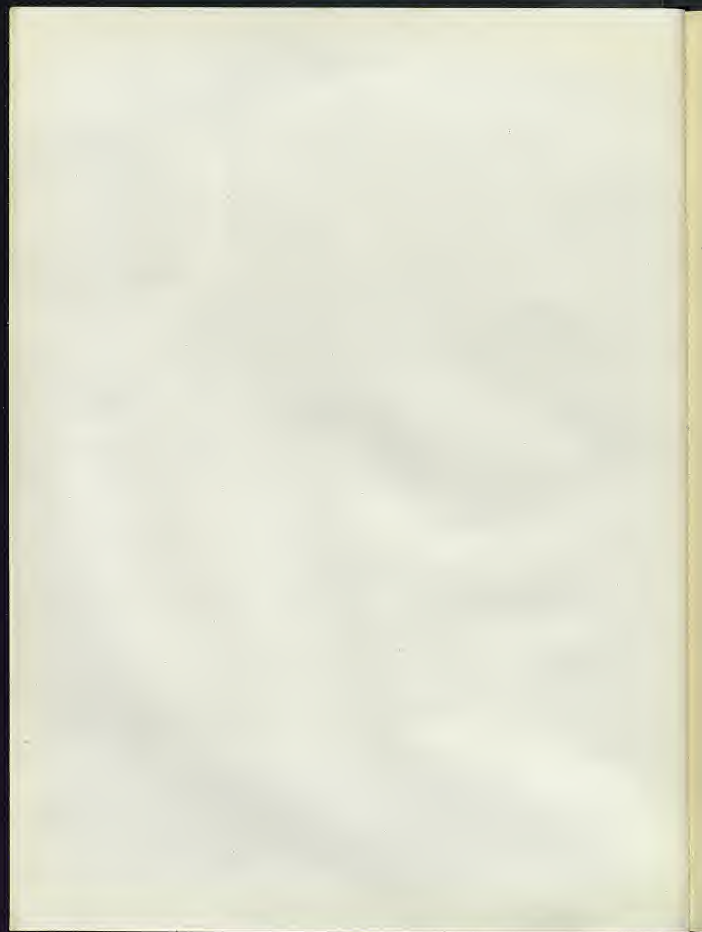
William Cowper, one of the greatest eighteenth century poets, was certainly no salon figure, in fact, he represents that "return to Nature" in the eighteenth century which was (among other things) a revolt against the spirit of the salon. He visited Southampton in his youth, when he was studying at the Temple, in order to recover from the melancholy which was threatening what he called his "little garrison of sense."

He stayed for six months as the guest of Thomas Hesketh, the fiancé of his cousin, Harriet, at Freemantle Hall, a charming place on the shore of the Test, two miles from the Town. For a man as sensitive to beauty as Cowper was it must have seemed idyllic after the dull routine of lawyer's offices and legal studies. He and Hesketh went bathing and yachting together, and Cowper took long walks in the country with Harriet. Gradually happiness and mental health returned. He never forgot that green island in

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SUMMER SEAS.

Photograph by W. R. KAY, Esq., F.R.P.S.



THE SALON IN SOUTHAMPTON

his ocean of misery. Over thirty years later, writing to his friend, the Rev. John Newton, on 24th September, 1785, he gives us a glimpse of Southampton as he remembered it in his youth :—

"I remember Southampton well, having spent much time there; but though I was young, and had no objections on the score of conscience either to dancing or cards, I was never in the assembly-room in my life. I never was fond of company, and especially disliked it in the country. A walk to Netley Abbey, or to Freemantle, or to Redbridge, or a book by the fireside, had always more charms for me than any other amusement that the place afforded. I was also a sailor, and being of Sir Thomas Hesketh's party, who was himself born one, was often pressed into the service. But, though I gave myself an air, and wore trousers, I had no genuine right to that honour, disliking much to be occupied in great waters, unless in the finest weather."

Among the claims of Southampton to a distinguished place in English history not the least is the fact that its beautiful surroundings helped to awaken the genius of the poet of *The Shrubbery*, *The Poplar Field*, and *The Task*.

GORDON H. SEWELL.



AFTER VISITING GREECE

by G. F. FORSEY

Χαίρετε τῶν προτέρων Ἑλλήνων λείψανα χώρας
χώρας τῆς προτέρας λείψαν' ἐλινότατα.
ὦ Χρόνε πάντα φέρεις, νικᾷς δὲ καὶ αὐτὸ τὸ κάλλος,
ἀνθρώποις δ' ἄλις εἰ τὸ κλέος ἀθάνατον.

SOME TREASURES OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LIBRARY (Continued)

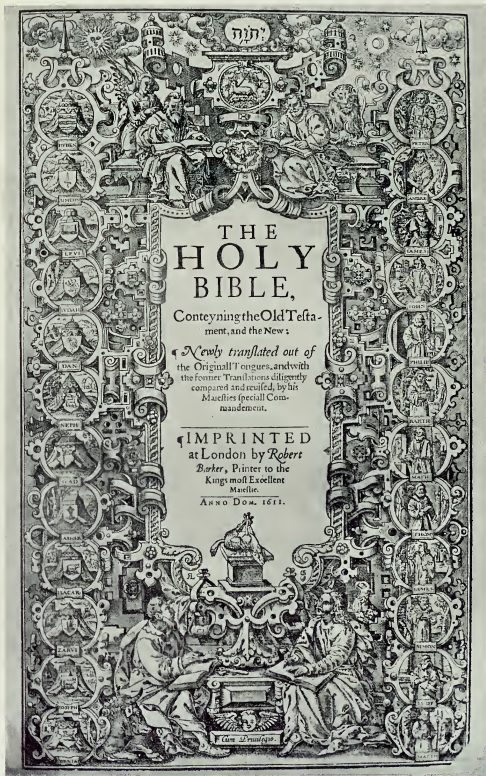
II. THEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL

THE College library is comparatively rich in theological works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the majority of them being part of a collection given to the Hartley Institute by the sons of John Bullar in 1865. John Bullar was born in Southampton in 1777 and died at Bassett Wood, 1864. His sons gave this collection "as a lasting memorial of the interest which their Father took in the Institution itself and of the earnest desire which he ever felt to promote by all means in his power the mental and spiritual improvement of his fellow-men."

A certain number of these books recall the arid theological controversies that raged in seventeenth century England, but the greater part of them are collections of sermons and biblical texts and commentaries. There are several important concordances and lexicons, and there is the famous English Polyglot Bible edited by Walton and printed by Rycroft in London, 1655-57, in six volumes. This contains Hebrew, Chaldaic and Greek texts, with the Vulgate, Arabic, Syriac and other versions arranged for easy comparison. It was one of the first books to be published by subscription in England and received much support from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The fruit of the combined learning of the best Oriental scholars in England at that time, it still holds its place among necessary books for students of biblical texts.

Besides a great many works of biblical scholarship, there are examples of works of theologians ranging from Augustine to Calvin. Our copy of Augustine was printed at Basle, 1569, and has a prefatory epistle addressed to the Archbishop of Toledo by Erasmus. The work was arranged in 10 volumes, but has been bound up in five in a good vellum binding.

One of the books of most general interest is the 1611 version of the Bible. The "Authorised Version" is so well known in the modern octavo editions that probably it is not usually realized that it first appeared as a thick folio volume, 16 inches high and



תורה

THE
HOLY
BIBLE,

Conteyning the Old Testa-
ment, and the New :

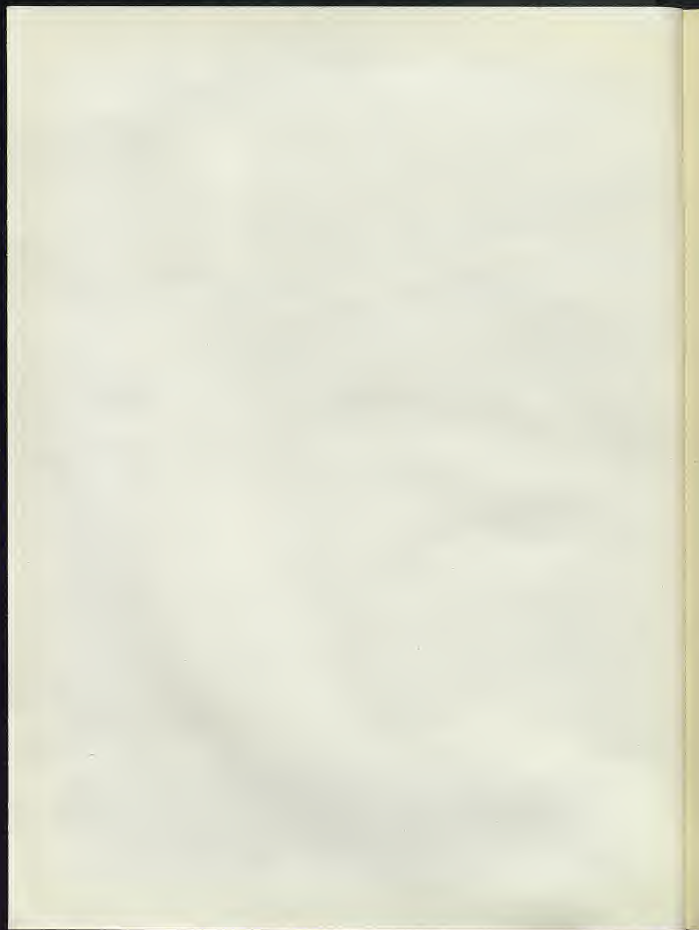
¶ *Newly translated out of
the Originall Tongues, and with
the former Translations diligently
compared and reuised, by his
Maesties special Com-
mandement.*

¶ **PRINTED**
at London by *Robert*

Barker, Printer to the
Kings most Excellent
Maestie.

ANNO DOM. 1611.

¶ Cum Privilegio.



SOME TREASURES OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

10 inches broad. It contains a great deal of material not usually included in the modern versions: genealogical tables showing the descent of Jesus Christ from Adam; tables "for finding Easter for ever", and so on. The printing is very fine. The text is in black-letter (commonly known as Gothic) and the chapter headings are in a pleasant roman type. One of the earliest impressions, if not actually the earliest, of the "King's Bible" of the first year of its publication, is indeed a possession of which the College can feel proud.

Another group of works which were apparently prized by Bullar are the sermons of eminent divines. Tillotson, Burnet, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, are all well represented, as well as a host of lesser known men. An edition of the works of Isaac Barrow, London, 1683, is of particular interest, as it contains a biographical note by Abraham Hill which has apparently never been reprinted. This is a charming example of the discursive biography characteristic of the seventeenth century. It presents, for instance, a refreshing picture of the ecclesiastic in childhood:—

"His first schooling was at the Charterhouse for two or three years when his greatest recreation was in such sports as brought on fighting among the Boys; in his after-time a very great courage remained, whereof many instances might be set down, yet he had perfectly subdued all inclination to quarrelling, but a negligence of his Cloaths did always continue with him. For his Book, he minded it not, and his father had little hope of success in the profession of a Scholar, to which he had designed him. Nay, there was then so little appearance of that comfort which his Father afterwards received from him, that he often solemnly wisht, that if it pleased God to take away any of his Children, it might be his son Isaac, so vain a thing is man's judgment, and our providence unfit to guide our own affairs."

The historical section is another which has been much enriched by gifts in past generations. Although there are still many *desiderata*, yet much of the material necessary for the study of English history is here. Thurloe's State papers "containing authentic Memorials of English Affairs from the year 1638 to the Restoration of King Charles II" is one such set, and "A complete collection of State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason" from Richard II to George III, is another. The famous collections known as the Harleian Miscellany and Lord Somers Tracts contain more that is of the nature of *curiosa*, but they include much material that has not survived elsewhere—

for example, the contemporary *Account of the Taking of the Duke of Monmouth in the New Forest*, which is being reprinted by the Hampshire Field Club in its next Proceedings, for the sake of its local interest.

Domesday Book is, of course, of never-ending value and interest to historians and more especially students of local history. The College is fortunate in possessing duplicate copies of the 1783 reprint. This was a government undertaking, and special type was cut for the printing, so that an exact transcript of the various abbreviations could be produced. The work was published in two folio volumes in 1783; in 1811 a volume of indexes, was added and in 1816 a supplementary volume, separately indexed, containing the *Exon Domesday* (for the southwestern counties), the *Inquisitio Eliensis*, the *Liber Winton* (surveys of Winchester early in the twelfth century) and the *Boldon Book*—a survey of the bishopric of Durham a century later than Domesday. One copy of each of these latter volumes is in the library.


An attempt is being made to fill in the gaps in our set of the Calendar of State Papers and the volumes of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, both indispensable to historical students. Sets of "Statutes at Large" and Hansard's Parliamentary Debates are being gradually built up, and it is hoped to complete soon our set of the Annual Register, which runs without a break from 1758 to 1870, but is lacking from then till 1935.

None of the books described above can be called rare; they would be found in any respectable collection of historical material. There is in the historical section, however, one volume of some interest: Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, in the reprint of 1634, which nevertheless carries the engraved title-page of the original edition, 1614. Its value is perhaps rather for the collector than for the serious student, although it is by no means negligible in the history of historical writings. Raleigh occupied his years of imprisonment after James I's accession with the planning and writing of this work, which he proposed should cover the history of the world since the creation, leading up to the history of England. Only the first volume was ever finished, and this ceased at 130 B.C. Raleigh explained in his preface that he had not undertaken to write the history of his own times because "whosoever in writing a moderne History, shall follow truth too neare the heeles, it may haply strike out his teeth." It must ever be regretted that Raleigh, with his

R. 1. 1.

THE HISTORIE OF THE WORLD.

IN FIVE BOOKES.

- 1  *N*creasing of the Beginning and first Ages of the same, from the Creation unto Abraham.
- 2 *O*f the Times from the Birth of Abraham, to the destruction of the Temple of Salomon.
- 3 *F*rom the destruction of Jerusalem, to the time of Philip of Macedon.
- 4 *F*rom the Reigne of Philip of Macedon, to the establishing of that Kingdom, in the Race of Antigonus.
- 5 *F*rom the settled rule of Alexanders Successors in the East, untill the Romans (prevailing over all) made Conquest of Asia and Macedon.

By Sir WALTER RALEGH, Knight.

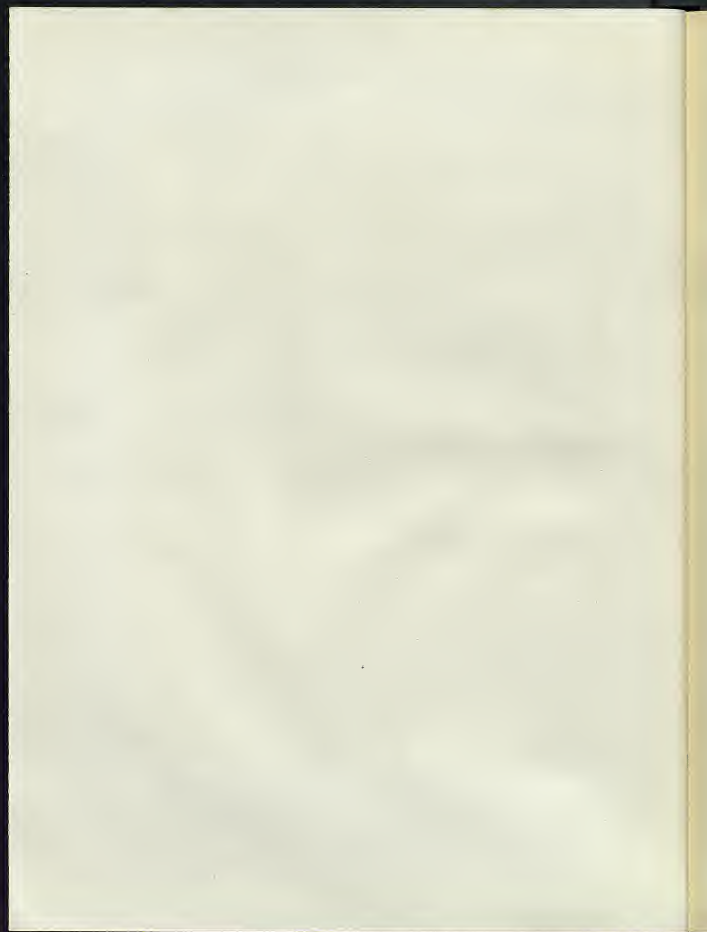


The true and
of this Cooperative
S. Walter



Lively portraiture
and learned Knight
Raleigh.

dm



vigorous mind and characteristic style, did not write of things within his own memory, but it may well be that his own comfort and safety would have been endangered by so doing. In his preface he "runs over" some examples from English history of what he considered to be the justice of God in punishing "an irreligious policy"; and his condemnation of Henry VIII shows the passionate feeling which might have coloured his treatment of more modern themes:—

"Now for King Henry the eight : if all the pictures and patternes of a mercilesse Prince were lost in the World, they might all againe be painted to the life, out of the story of this King. For how many servants did he advance in hast (but for what vertue none could suspect) and with the change of his fancie ruined againe ; no man knowing for what offence ? To how many others of more desert gave he abundant flowers from whence to gather hony, and in the end of Harvest burnt them in the hive ? How many wives did he cut off, and cast off, as his fancy and affection changed ? How many Princes of the bloud (whereof some of them for age could hardly crawle towards the blocke) with a world of others of all degrees (of whom our common Chronicles have kept the accompt) did hee execute ? . . . But besides the sorrowes which he heaped upon the Fatherlesse and Widowes at home : and besides the vaine enterprises abroad, wherein it is thought that he consumed more treasure than all our victorious Kings did in their severall Conquests : what causeless and cruelle wars did he make upon his own Nephew, King James the fift ? What Lawes and wils did he devise to establish this Kingdome in his owne Issues ? using his sharpest weapons to cut off, and cut downe those branches, which sprang from the same root that himselfe did. And in the end (notwithstanding these his so many irreligious provisions) it pleased God to take away all his owne, without increase ; though, for themselves in their severall kindes, all Princes of Eminent vertue."

What would we not give for Raleigh's views on Elizabeth ?

D. P. POWELL.

IN MEMORIAM

E. W. PATCHETT, 2nd June, 1936

by V. DE SOLA PINTO

HE loved philosophy's pure air :
so it was fitting he should die
upon a day of clean winds and lucid sky.

Those eyes that shone so bright, so keen
beneath that massive brow,
the thoughtful music of that voice,
that ordered learning, knowledge,
of Goethe, Dante, Hegel,
that courtesy that won all gentle hearts :
these things have been,
and they are only memories now
in a few minds in these provincial parts,
memories that time will quickly wear away.

I have seen a piteous grey mask,
so dumb, so helpless where he lay.

And yet you need not triumph, Death,
though you have taken our wise friend from us :
it's easy to stop human breath.
but you can't change what mind achieves,
nor alter the delight it daily weaves
upon Time's loom : cut one bright thread
and the design's not dead ;
so this one has gone, but leaves
an essential richness in the fabric. Birds that skim
the air have won new loveliness from him
and every heart that yearns,
each intellect that reasons is more free,
since (though unknowing) now it has a share
of the noble lines that curve, colours that burn
in the high pattern wrought
(in spite of Time and Change—in spite of you, O Death)
by this man's rare and heavenward-piercing thought,
his soul's victorious integrity.

ERNEST WILLIAM PATCHETT
(1878-1936)

PROFESSOR ERNEST WILLIAM PATCHETT was for many years one of the most notable and forceful personalities on the staff of University College, Southampton. Both as Head of the Department of Modern Languages and as a member of the Senate and Council, he made a memorable contribution to the development of the College. Educated at Sedgbrook Grammar School, he was an exhibitor and graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and an associate professor from 1905 till 1914 at the Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. At the outbreak of the War he was spending a holiday in Germany with relations of his wife, who is a native of Heidelberg. Like other English civilians who were in Germany at the time, he was interned at Ruhleben. There he took a prominent part in that organization of educational activities among the English prisoners which earned the admiration of the whole world, and it was largely through his devoted work that a kind of small university was set up in the prison camp, where English prisoners were actually enabled to take the examinations of the University of London.

He had been appointed to a lectureship at University College, Southampton, in 1914, and he took up his duties at the College as soon as he returned to England. He became the first Professor of Modern languages at the College in 1920, and, since then he succeeded in making his department one of the most efficient of its kind in the English provincial universities. He was no narrow specialist; his scholarship in its range and catholicity recalled rather that of the great men of the Renaissance. French and German literature he knew thoroughly, but he was equally at home in the ancient classics, Italian and English. The study of philosophy of all schools and periods was the passion of his life. He was himself an idealist of the school of Hegel, but he acknowledged Plato as his chief guide, and after him Kant and Hegel and the poets Dante and Goethe. His influence on his colleagues was no less valuable and far-reaching than his influence on his pupils. The present writer will always

remember with gratitude the debt that he owes to Patchett's rich and thoughtful conversation, and many other contemporaries of his at College must treasure similar memories.

The presence of such a man in the common room of a modern university college helped to prevent it from lapsing into the condition of a place dedicated merely to cramming its pupils for examinations or to giving them a narrow vocational training. He had a rare personal dignity due to intellectual eminence and deep sincerity. He often spoke of the influence of learning on character. There was something in him that recalled the sages of antiquity rather than the modern teacher, a "plain, heroic magnitude of mind" that brushed aside all pettiness and irrelevance, and seemed to ennoble the profession to which he belonged. His kindness and delicate old-fashioned courtesy endeared him to many persons in Southampton outside the academic circle. A true democrat, he desired that all should share in the heritage of learning, and hence sprang his lifelong devotion to the adult education movement, which he served so admirably for many years as Chairman of the Southern District Workers' Educational Association. The scholarship annually awarded to an extra-mural student by the College has been named by Senate the E. W. Patchett Extra-Mural Scholarship, in recognition of his signal services to adult education in the district.

Patchett published little, but his essay on "Pascal and Scepticism," in *Speculum Religionis*, the volume of essays by members of University College, Southampton, published in honour of the seventieth birthday of Dr. Claude Montefiore, is a brilliant contribution to the study of religious thought in seventeenth century France. While he was at Ruhleben he wrote a series of diary-letters to Mrs. Patchett, describing his daily experiences in the prison camp. These letters form a most fascinating and valuable account of a notable episode in the history of the War as it appeared to a peculiarly sensitive and philosophical mind. Mrs. Patchett has kindly given permission for the publication of a series of extracts from them to be printed in the present issue of WESSEX. There could be no better way of giving the reader some conception of Patchett's clear-sighted wisdom, his hatred of tyranny, his quiet humour and his keen and trenchant intellect.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN IN RUHLEBEN PRISON CAMP, 1914-1918

Things go on just as usual; you know with what feelings you

have looked out on the dreary expanse of waters when we used to cross the Atlantic; dull grey clouds lowering on the sky, every single billow like countless other ones and all associated with real physical and mental torture: here and there the blue of heaven mirrored in the waters and occasional moments when you could forget present wretchedness. Such an ocean of sameness do the past eight or nine months spread out before my mind's eye. I will just give you a few details of the picture now before my eyes, as I write this letter; and with few variations I see the same thing every day. I am sitting on my deck chair, smoking my pipe; a book, commentary on Goethe's *Faust*, resting on my knees, acts as support for the notepaper. Immediately before me is a little flower plot with lobelia, petunias, geraniums, fuchsia and mignonette in bloom. Behind me is the stable which serves as our domicile; some sailors are sitting on a wooden bench, leaning against the brick wall, and in a languid way discussing the military situation, their prospects of release, repeating hundred-times made statements. To my left and right are fellow prisoners reading newspapers or novels, playing chess or building castles in Spain, indulging in zestless prattle. All around stand the stables, each with its five-and-twenty horseboxes surmounted by haylofts, now harbouring each over two hundred captives. Two long wooden barracks have been erected in this yard; the one next to our stable is occupied by niggers, chiefly from ships detained at Hamburg, on which they acted as stokers, etc. A few are prize fighters engaged here and there in Germany. In this yard is also the boiler house at which we buy whatever hot water we require for two pfennigs a litre. Generally, a long queue stands there, but just now the serving out of water has finished for to-day. In a small shanty a score yards in front of me, put up by a nigger, is a barber's shop, a gramophone is groaning out a choice selection of melodies culled from the music halls to an admiring crowd of blacks and whites.

Clothes-lines are extended wherever hooks could be inserted, and on them various articles of raiment are hung out to dry. From this you will see that the change which has taken place here is comparable to that taking place within a kaleidoscope; each novel constellation has the same insignificance as its predecessor.

This morning I gave a lecture on *Faust*. . . . I should grow melancholy had I not something to wrench my thoughts from this present time with its untold horrors and from my present situation

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with its sordidness. Yet I often think that the lot of you women is harder than ours ; we do know how you are situated and need have no fear of your comfort and security physically at least ; but you do not know about us and are never certain from one day to another what our fate will be, or what subaltern insolence we may be exposed to. I can, however, assure you that, no matter how unpleasant, undeserved, and, as I think, unjustifiable our present treatment is, it is not intolerable and I have resolved not to give any enemy the satisfaction of seeing me falter. For me the experience is made all the more galling by the thought that I have sincerely endeavoured to promote the understanding of the best thought of Germany in our own country and as my reward, I am cooped up in a horsebox.

22nd July, 1915.

I have just finished with a little Philosophical Seminar that I conduct twice weekly, where we are discussing Külpes' *Einleitung in die Philosophie*. The day is wretched ; it is not cold, but inclined to be chilly. It has rained almost incessantly for the past thirty hours. Just in front of our barracks, in the stable yard, the water has collected into quite a respectable pond. One of our soldiers, apparently an enthusiast for nature—or has he merely an eye to the main chance?—has collected a small poultry yard, and his ducks are, I suppose, the only inhabitants of the camp that relish the existing atmospheric and climatic conditions. They add just a slight touch of healthy rusticity to our imprisonment. . . . I told you in previous letters about our Camp School. Recently it has been reorganized and arranged according to departments, something after the fashion of a university. I was made a member of the managing committee and have the control over the classes in English and German. We hold one committee meeting every week—last night we were discussing problems connected with the school for three hours. For me it is not bad practice, because I keep myself busied with problems of educational organization, and in the future it will be necessary for me to take a share in these problems.

15th August, 1915.

Probably you will receive this during your trip to the beautiful hills of Surrey. If the weather conditions at home resemble those here, it would seem that Providence has swept the sky clean of clouds, so that nothing on his part mars your enjoyment of nature. This

ERNEST WILLIAM PATCHETT

morning's papers report the airship attack on some of our Eastern counties. I always feel more than regret when I hear of such. I sometimes wonder what must be the state of mind of a man about to drop one of these deadly missiles ; he sees houses, streets and lights beneath him ; he knows that men and women there are plying their ordinary avocations ; he cannot gauge to within many yards where his messenger of death will alight ; statistics of past attacks must convince him that, even if he has the good fortune to kill a combatant, he will in all probability kill far more whom age and sex make objects of protecting care to all chivalrous minds. And yet the attacks continue. Well, I hope that during your stay in the country, this is the first and last you will hear of these visitants. . . . How admirable they seemed to us as they glided over the hills of Heidelberg ; how I loathe their very sight whenever I see them now, and, by a strange coincidence, they often circle round our camp the day following an attack on England. I feel convinced that the future will but curse the invention of these aircraft. The aeroplane has a future before it ; it will become one of the great benefactors of mankind. The airship can never mean that ; its life will be practically limited to the present struggle, and future generations in Germany more than in any country in the world will associate it with frenzied intoxication and needless pain.

30th July, 1916.

The number of people in all belligerent as well as neutral countries who thrive owing to this European tragedy, like parasites on unhealthy organisms, is very great, and they, besides the ubiquitous and irrepressible jingoes, exercise tremendous power in preventing rationality from asserting itself.

17th October, 1916.

In my lecture on the Philosophy of History, which I gave here some time ago, I elaborated the idea that the only possible conception of historical progress was the gradual self-realization of the unity of mankind, or, in other words, the continuous clarification of the idea that *quâ men* we are one. As between England and America, the present war has contributed to advance this idea in no small measure ; it has become clearer, I should imagine, to even the most limited consciousness, that Anglo-Saxondom constitutes a unity in a far more comprehensive fashion than was felt to be the case before.

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In the same way, but not to the same extent, the possession of a common purpose has inspired all the allies with a feeling of their one-ness of which they had hitherto been only very imperfectly conscious. Already there are plenty of men in this country who understand that a certain unity must exist in the economic and mercantile relationships after fighting is over. The time is, I hope, not distant when it will be generally recognized that such unification must be far more comprehensive in its scope than this one sphere of human activity; that it embraces life as a whole will not, of course, be apprehended by the multitude, who look rather to the differences and limitations of things than to the unity that binds them together.

31st September, 1917.

I have good reason to hope that the next 5th April will not have to be spent in such joyless circumstances for us both. Signs that the martial intoxication is everywhere on the wane are not lacking. The attitude of President Wilson must make many people reflect; in what contrast it stands to the mad haste of European nations to resort to the *ultima ratio*. Suppose the parliaments of the Old World had been asked whether they supported the governing bodies in deciding by a trial of strength the issues at stake, instead of being confronted with *faits accomplis*! The unity of interest of governors and governed is proclaimed from the housetops; if that is so, why are the governed never consulted? Surely they are not so politically immature as to be blind to their own interests. If they are, it affords a poor testimonial to prevailing educational methods. The responsibility attaching to full citizenship as understood in modern democracy should have opened the eyes of common men to interests transcending their limited domestic life.

4th March, 1917.

As so much that happens to a prisoner, it is not the actual physical suffering endured, but the elimination of self-control that constitutes the punishment. No matter how benevolent the intentions of the gaoler, the prisoner is deprived of the elemental conditions of happiness, viz. the right to choose, within the rational ordering of the universe—which, of course, imposes limits, but within reason—according to what plan he shall direct the main course of his existence. I do hope the war will have made this fact patent to all; and that no benevolent intentions will in future, even granting they exist,

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be considered a warrant for imposing the will of one community upon another community.

8th June, 1917.

There are not many now who venture to speak of "die grosse Zeit"; responsible persons recognize that the civilization of Europe is threatened with bankruptcy and that the hegemony will probably pass from Europe to America. What profound truth there is in the old stories representing the ambition for lordship as the cause of the angels' fall! even if those who are now to fall are far from being angelic. But I ought to say something more cheering to you for the beginning of the year than these gloomy forebodings. It is, however, impossible for me to close my eyes to danger now; over-confidence is the cause of my being here; I thought that the stupidity and criminality involved in drenching a continent in blood was inconceivable in our European civilization.

2nd December, 1917.

It seems so utterly mean to compare destinies during these years of general sacrifice; but, descending to this low level of valuation, we have still much to be thankful for. The worst feature is preclusion from participation in the struggle of right, as I am convinced, against wrong. Of course I know how much base alloy enters into the total motive of any country at the present phase of civilization, yet I know that in the main our cause is just, and this justice it derives from its harmonizing with that realization of value within the domain of actuality which we know as history. The power confronting us was in the main the negation of this, and, although I should have preferred that the process of conversion were carried out by more rational means, yet when the glove was thrown down, we could only cure the temper which threw it down by taking it up.

25th July, 1918.

RAYMOND CLARENCE JAMES HOWLAND
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, 1931-1936

IT was with the profoundest sorrow that his many friends and colleagues learnt of the death of Professor Howland during the long vacation last year. He was taken ill somewhat suddenly while travelling in Wales, and died on August 16th at the early age of 40 years.

R. C. J. Howland was born at Fulham on June 5th, 1896, and was educated at Latymer Upper School, Hammersmith. He went up to Cambridge in October, 1915, with an open scholarship at Emmanuel College. After only two terms residence he decided his duty lay elsewhere and enlisted in the R.G.A. as a gunner, serving in France until the end of the Great War. He returned to Cambridge at the beginning of the Easter term, 1919, and resumed his interrupted mathematical studies. He immediately took a first class in Part I of the Tripos and was a Wrangler in 1920. Leaving the University that year, he obtained a school appointment at Berkhamsted. Meanwhile he had been preparing to sit for the London University external degree examination and was successful in obtaining First Class Honours in the B.Sc. in 1921. He proceeded to the M.Sc. degree in 1922, and the D.Sc. in 1930.

In September, 1921, Howland obtained his first lectureship at the City and Guilds Engineering College. There he found scope for his undoubted mathematical abilities and was able to commence his research work. He remained there only two years before being appointed at University College, London, as lecturer in Mathematics to Engineering students. Later he became senior lecturer and then reader. He resigned that position in 1931, when he was appointed to the chair in Mathematics at Southampton.

Howland's scientific interests were wide and his research was done in more than one branch of mathematics. He published one or two papers in Pure Mathematics but, as might be imagined from the nature of his academic appointments, his chief interest lay in the problems of Engineering Mathematics. His papers deal with a variety of subjects, chiefly in hydrodynamics and elasticity with

RAYMOND CLARENCE JAMES HOWLAND

engineering applications. He will be remembered, in particular, for his work on rotating shafts, on the stresses in plates, and on the calculations of the lift of aeroplane wings. It was on this last subject that he was working shortly before his death, and it had been brought to his notice only since he had been appointed at Southampton. Being able to appreciate the difficulties of the practical problem, and also to apply his skill to its solution, this last work is not only of interest from a theoretical point of view but is also of value to the aeronautical engineer. It showed a promise of a great deal of further research which he might have done in this direction.

Not only was he a brilliant research worker, but he possessed the rare gift of inspiring others to attempt original work. He was always ready to suggest a problem and most generous in his advice concerning it.

Perhaps it is as a teacher that most of his students will remember him, and he was as good a teacher as he was a mathematician. His lectures, whether the most elementary or post graduate, were delivered with the same ease and lucidity. No difficulty, of his own or of his audience, was ever passed over, however trivial. He showed the same regard for detail in this part of his work that was characteristic in all that he did. He always gave of his best where his students and pupils were concerned. None of them ever found him lacking in sympathy towards them, and he was always ready to help them in every possible way.

Those who knew Howland will remember his modest and retiring disposition, while those who were privileged to possess his friendship know that behind his reserve lay many diverse and human sympathies. His interests were wide and he discussed them with the same critical acuteness that he applied to his scientific work. In his early days he wrote both prose and verse, and his reading was very wide. He had to make a choice at the beginning of his career between literature and mathematics, and, had his choice been different, he would probably have had an equally successful career. His knowledge of music was considerable and he took a keen interest in musical activities in Southampton.

His premature death was a cruel blow to his widow with whom he shared so happy a home life. It has deprived University College, Southampton, of a wise counsellor and one who made a contribution of great value to its life and development.

R. C. KNIGHT.

ALTON EWART CLARENCE SMITH.
(1887-1936)

IT was with feelings of deep regret mixed with dismay that we heard of the sudden passing of Mr. Clarence Smith while on holiday. The tragedy of the death of Professor Howland such a short time before had shocked us, and now we were stunned by this double misfortune to the College.

A. E. Clarence Smith, a son of Sir Clarence Smith, of Wilmington Manor, Dartford, was educated at the Leys School and at Christ's College, Cambridge. After taking a double first in the Natural Sciences Tripos he returned to Cambridge to take up research, but had to discontinue owing to ill-health. After his war services in France were over he turned to University teaching, and in 1919 was appointed Lecturer in Physical Chemistry at Southampton, a post which he held till his death.

Clarence Smith was first and foremost a teacher, and it is as such that he will be remembered by his old students. They will not readily forget his extraordinarily clear discourses on a subject of special difficulty. Genial and sympathetic with his students, he gained their warm affection and esteem.

His research work was chiefly in photomicrography, a subject on which he was an acknowledged authority. Indeed, one of the best known and most expert workers in this field of study considered him without exception the most accomplished technician in photomicrography in this country. His papers published in the Journals of the Photomicrographical Society and of the Quekett Club led to his being consulted often by biologists and others interested in the microscope as a scientific instrument of first importance.

Modest, retiring and sensitive to a degree, Clarence Smith was one of the most lovable members of the staff. Tactful and courteous, he was never known to say an unkind word. Possessed of a quick wit and a keen sense of humour he was always ready to chaff his friends and be chaffed by them, meaning no evil himself and attributing none to them. Ever ready to help others he placed his quite exceptional mechanical skill, his all-round knowledge, wide experience,

ALTON EWART CLARENCE SMITH

organising ability and fine critical judgment—perhaps the most valued of all—at the service of College and colleagues alike.

Whatever he undertook he carried out well. Some of us still have most pleasant recollections of his course of lectures on the microscope, his favourite instrument. The Science Faculty Board had in him a most capable and efficient secretary. As colleague, friend or host, Clarence Smith was a gentleman in every sense of the word. He could have occupied any position with dignity.

Apart from his beloved cameras and microscopes, his great joy was in yachting. It was while on holiday on the Broads on board his lovely "Sleeping Beauty" that he was struck down with the disease which proved so rapidly fatal. We mourn the loss of one of our ablest teachers whose passing has made our corporate College life much the poorer. To his widow and family goes forth our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

W. RAE SHERRIFFS.

A. E. CLARENCE SMITH AS MICROSCOPIST

AN APPRECIATION

TO appreciate Clarence Smith's status as a microscopist it is necessary to define the meaning one attaches to this word. Many people are called microscopists who are in reality only microscope users. This is in no sense derogatory, the microscope to them is a tool to be applied to their particular work, but there is another aspect, known in England as "the amateur microscopist," but far better described by the use of the German word "Liebhaber" in place of amateur. Clarence Smith was one of these and as such his place is equal to that of Mr. E. M. Nelson, who has now become almost legendary.

Mr. Clarence Smith was one of the few choice spirits who are not content to take any statement without checking its accuracy, and one of the few who, realizing that a knowledge of first principles is essential to success, never hesitated to acquire that fundamental knowledge upon which only ultimate success can be built,—the simpler tests and the refusal to accept statements which had almost acquired the sanctity of holy writ owing to their frequent reiteration.

Finding himself attracted to microscopy he in the first place studied geometric optics in order to achieve complete understanding of and mastery over the equipment placed in his hands by the manufacturer. The mechanical principles of design also were not overlooked, and armed with this knowledge he was able—as are very few—to test and appreciate any optical elements which he acquired. His mastery of their manipulation did not fail to impress all those who were permitted to see specimens set up by him for examination, and his technique, the manner in which, by the understanding adjustment of his illumination, he was able to achieve resolutions unexpected and unattempted by anyone else, was truly marvellous to those capable of appreciating the skill involved.

His ordinary photographic work will be known to all readers. Here again, the artist entered into all that was undertaken. Not for him the snapshot and photography in the ordinary sense of the word, each picture, no matter the circumstances under which it was

A. E. CLARENCE SMITH AS MICROSCOPIST

taken was composed, and in effect an example of the best method of securing a photograph under those conditions. This precise photographic knowledge, combined with his outstanding microscopical technique, rendered him incontestably the finest exponent of photomicrography in the country, and on the only occasion that he exhibited at the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society his prints were, by common consent, the outstanding exhibit in the particular section, and he was awarded the medal of the Society.

As a man he was human, and, having reflected before forming an opinion, he could justifiably maintain that opinion in argument, but always with such consideration for his opponent that, even if one did not agree with his views, one could not help learning when hearing the process through which his mind had passed to form his opinion, and at the end of a long argument—and Clarence Smith never allowed it to become acrimonious—one finished with an increased feeling of friendship and admiration for him.

In these days of frequent and sometimes hasty publication, Clarence Smith's methods of testing every statement before enunciating any theory rendered communications from him all too few, and the microscope world is greatly the poorer for his early demise and for the lack, owing to preoccupation with other work, of papers that in the years ahead he would undoubtedly have produced.

W. E. WATSON BAKER.

PROFESSOR RISHBETH.

OSWALD HENRY THEODORE RISHBETH, Professor of Geography since 1926, and Reader from 1922-1926, at University College, Southampton, has been absent on sick leave for two sessions, and unfortunately is too ill to return. Everyone must regret that so keen a student, so capable a head of department and so great a friend of students will be unable to come back to the work which he loved and which absorbed him.

In him we have lost a most forceful character and a man of unusually high principles. He has an extremely strong sense of justice, together with the conviction that injustice can never ultimately succeed. These qualities—forcefulness and a feeling for what is just—made him appear at times inflexible, but those who worked closely with him knew that there was also deep loyalty to his subject, his staff and students, and to the College as a whole. He thought, planned and worked for these, with a singleness of purpose, a desire to do the best and wisest thing, and a concentration of will which were themselves expressions of his forcefulness and reinforcements of it.

These qualities are not the whole man. He is a geographer first, last and all the time. He brought to his research, which dealt with Australia and its problems, enormous patience, clear-cut ideas, and an extreme carefulness to collect and collate all the facts. The work had always a sound and broad base, and, however much one might at times disagree with his conclusions, it was impossible to shake the foundations on which he built.

His achievement for the College was the development and enlargement of the department of Geography, which he inherited from Messrs. W. H. Barker and C. B. Fawcett, and, since he saw Geography and the teaching of it as one and not as two, he saw also that the basis of all sound work—teaching and research—lay in the provision of really good equipment. This is a never-ending task. It is to him the College owes a large and well-chosen collection of maps and atlases, and also laboratory equipment, including cartographical tables properly lighted, which are the result of careful

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PROFESSOR RISHBETH

planning and experiment, and which, for a time at least, placed the College in the forefront as having a very well-equipped department. Such things were not to him success, which could only come from the use made of them by those for whom they were provided. He built well and shall be remembered, not for the maps and equipment he provided, but by the work he has made possible to others. And for all this his staff and students cannot sufficiently thank him.

F. C. MILLER.

REVIEWS

THE BOOK OF EXAMINATIONS AND DEPOSITIONS, 1622-1644. Vol. IV (1639-44) (pp. 88 + xxiii). Edited with Notes, Introduction and Index, by R. C. ANDERSON, M.A., F.S.A., 1936. *Southampton, Cox & Sharland* (for the Southampton Record Society). 28/-.

With this volume Mr. Anderson has brought the task of editing *The Book of Examinations and Depositions*, 1622-1644, which he began in 1929, to an end. In the review of the previous volume (WESSEX, Vol. III, No. 3, pp. 93-4) we noticed a few whisperings of the approaching struggle for political and economic power. Now we are led forward, through the critical years 1639 to 1642, into the Civil War itself. In his Introduction Mr. Anderson clears up a number of points about the course of events in Southampton at the opening of the war and proves, as against Davies, that the town authorities were eager to take the side of Parliament. Some obscurity as to the sequence of events still remains as there are no entries of Corporation proceedings in the existing *Assembly Books* for the period 27 September-21 December, 1642. Two pages, lost within the last sixty years from the *Assembly Book* which now begins on 21 December, are partly replaced from extracts given in Davies' *History of Southampton*, which Mr. Anderson reprints, but the precise nature of the Royalist counter-revolutionary moves in November is not explained. However, Mr. Anderson makes it clear that since the Parliament obtained command of the sea as early as July and captured Portsmouth on 7th September, the side which Southampton must eventually take had been predetermined. But until the Parliamentary victory at Cheriton on 29 March, 1644 (which Mr. Anderson wrongly gives as 1643) the Sussex and Hampshire hinterland changed hands several times, and twice it seemed as if a Royalist siege of Southampton was on the cards, and energetic proceedings were taken to prepare for it. A month after the volume ends, Hopton's army had been driven from the county for good, and only the two garrisons at Winchester and Basing House held out until they were captured by Cromwell and the New Model in October, 1645.

A sign of the times was a new freedom of speech on matters of politics and religion, too dangerous while the Star Chamber remained in existence, and a number of the examinations give valuable indications of what private individuals thought of the current controversies. Resistance to taxation did not entirely cease when Parliament re-assumed control and violent words were said about the Subsidy and taxation in general in at least one instance (p. 18). Nervousness about the Catholics, who were strong in Hampshire, is shown by an inquiry into the possession of "a certaine witting concerning the papist religion" by a certain Henry Bristow in November, 1641 (p. 30) and by the fear of a Catholic rising, July-September, 1642 (pp. 39, 42-3), although the town authorities stopped a number of men who proposed to take the law into their own hands and scour the country "to disarm Papists," possibly as an excuse for looting. The town authorities did not rapidly take up an

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extreme position with regard to religion. A man was examined in March, 1642, for attacking the morals of the local clergy (p. 36), and as late as May in the same year, James Warton was examined for saying that "the book of common prayer was most parte of it Poperie" (p. 38). A more secular attitude was taken by a Mrs. Parker, who told the Rector of St. Lawrence's and St. John's "the divell take prayer" (p. 36). With regard to political questions official opinion also changed slowly, and in May, 1641, John Pratt was examined for speaking "in great commendation of the Scots saying that if it had not bene for them we had not received soe much benefit as now we are like to doe by having a parliament," and for saying the three northern shires had been taken by England from the Scots (pp. 25-7). Yet, by July, 1642, James Cheapman was being examined for attacking John Pym and saying "he was a traitor and a knave, and he would maintaine it and that he would be hanged or did hope to see him hanged within some short time" (p. 39), and in August another man was examined for Royalist sympathies (pp. 41-2). In neither case were the examinees residents of Southampton. A more concrete charge was made in August, 1642, against Simon Butler for transporting arms for the use of the Royalist family of Knowles at Nursling (pp. 40-1).

Trade connections between Southampton and Newfoundland (pp. 9-10, 21-2, 38, 49), San Domingo (pp. 46-8) and various parts of France, Spain, and the Atlantic Islands are also illustrated. George Lenton, of Southampton, made a trade of buying "ends of cordage . . . old netts and raggs" for sale to paper mills (pp. 15-16).

An appendix of Southampton ships, 1603-49, consisting of over 150 items, gives the result of Mr. Anderson's and Dr. W. G. Bassett's researches, and will be invaluable as an index to the decline of Southampton as a shipowning town. Some additional names might have been added, at the cost of considerable amount of labour, from the original Customs Accounts and proceedings of the High Court of Admiralty in the Public Record Office.

In his Introduction, Mr. Anderson gives us the welcome news that five further volumes of Examinations and Depositions have been discovered at the Civic Centre, so that the Record Society has still ten books, ranging between 1575 and 1755 in this interesting series to produce. The embarrassing riches of our local records makes it the more unfortunate that through the small number of its subscribers the valuable work of the Society should be limited to the production of one slim volume a year.

DAVID B. QUINN.

THE AXIOCHUS. A PLATONIC DIALOGUE ON DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

Edited with Translation, illustrations and notes, by E. H. BLAKENEY, M.A.
London, Frederick Muller, Ltd. 5/-.

The "Platonic apocrypha" or cluster of Greek dialogues written more or less in Plato's style at various dates in the three centuries preceding the Christian era and formerly included in the canon of his works form an interesting bypath in ancient literature which is not very well known in this country. One of these dialogues, called the *Axiochus*, ought to have a peculiar interest for English scholars, as it appears to have been the only Platonic (or pseudo-Platonic) work which was translated into English in the Elizabethan period. A version of it ascribed to Edmund Spenser

was printed in 1592. It is, therefore, surprising that, although the Elizabethan translation has been reprinted in facsimile in America, no English edition of the original text has appeared until this year, when Mr. E. H. Blakeney of Winchester has published a text and translation with a brief but very valuable commentary.

In the *Axiochus* Socrates is represented as being called in by Cleinias to console his father Axiochus, an old man who is ill and frightened by the approach of death. Socrates puts before the dying man two lines of argument. The first is negative, an attempt to dispel the fear of death by showing that life is only a series of vanities and death non-existent as far as the living are concerned, while for the dead it is nothing, as they cease to exist. These arguments, which Socrates professes to have obtained from the sophist Prodicus, bring no consolation to the sick man. His second approach to the subject has a more positive character. It is divided into two branches. In the first, he contends that the soul must be immortal, because otherwise men would never have engaged in such noble pursuits as exploration, the founding of cities and astronomy. In the second, he makes use of a myth in which he tells of the future of the soul after it leaves the body, when it is judged on the Plains of Truth and finally reaches the land of the blest. These arguments succeed where the materialistic and negative conceptions failed, and Axiochus finds consolation at the end of the dialogue where he is left in "peace of mind, all passion spent."

Although, judged by the standard of the genuine Platonic dialogues, the style of the *Axiochus* is doubtless open to many criticisms, there is a strain of noble idealism and genuine poetic feeling in it which must have appealed to the Elizabethan mind. The men who had seen the geographical and spiritual boundaries of the Middle ages suddenly enlarged by the gigantic achievements of their contemporaries must have recognized a kindred spirit in the ancient Greek who wrote these words (I quote Mr. Blakeney's fine version) :—

Surely mortal nature would never rise to such a height of noble daring as to scorn the violence of wild beasts far surpassing man in strength, to traverse oceans, to build cities, to found commonwealths, to gaze up to heaven and discern the orbits and courses of stars, the risings and settings and eclipses of sun and moon, the swift return of the Equinoxes, the rise and fall of the Pleiades, storms of autumn and winds of summer, sudden onrush of hurricanes ; to chart for the future cosmic events ; were not there actually some divine breath in man's soul, whereby it obtained knowledge and intelligence of matters so great ?

Marlowe's lines in *Tamburlaine* might be quoted as a parallel :—

Nature that fram'd us of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspyring minds :
Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world :
And measure every wandring plannet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And alwaies mooving as the restles Sphaeres, . . .

Unlike Joseph Souilhé and other continental scholars, who suppose the *Axiochus* to have been written in the first century B.C., Mr. Blakeney is inclined to believe that it was composed at the beginning of the second century, and he conjectures that it may have been the work of a young member of the Academy, put forward

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as a protest against the views of Epicurus (which were very similar to those ascribed in this dialogue to Prodicus). His edition is characterized by that combination of accurate scholarship with sensitive literary appreciation and wide learning which have given such a high value to his many editions of classical and English writers. His translation is a beautiful piece of English prose and his commentary is a mine of relevant and delightful allusion to ancient and modern literature. He is to be congratulated on having made available for the English reader in a very attractive form a work full of interest, not only to the specialist in Greek literature, but to all who wish to understand the development of European thought, and particularly to those who are concerned with the influence of Platonic philosophy on the Englishmen of the Renaissance.

V. DE SOLA PINTO.

A MODERN BIOLOGY, by E. J. HOLMES and R. D. GIBBS.

Cambridge University Press, 1937, pp. xvi + 272, frontispiece and 163 figures, 3/6.

This admirable little volume is the work of two former students of University College, Southampton. Dr. Gibbs now holds an important post on the botanical staff of the McGill University, Montreal, and Mr. Holmes is Biology Master at Taunton's School, Southampton. In a foreword, Dr. R. H. Crowley, late Senior Medical Officer of the Board of Education, emphasizes the need for educating the child "towards the living of its life, its personal life, and this life in relation to the community."

This point of view has been kept in mind by the authors who assume that their readers already have some acquaintance with the study of nature and of living things in general. Accordingly, the book is primarily concerned with the way in which living organisms work and affect the lives of human beings, rather than with the formal description of structures and life-histories.

In sixteen chapters it treats clearly and interestingly such topics as Living Things, Protoplasm, Skeletons, Movement, Food and Feeding, Internal Environment and Transport, Energy, Water, Temperature, Co-ordination and Behaviour, Reproduction, Growth and Development, Health and Disease. At the end of each chapter suggestions for practical work are given.

One of the best features of the book is the excellence and aptness of its illustrations, though in a few instances full justice has hardly been done to the original photographs.

The technique of biological teaching in schools is still largely in the experimental stage, though the Science Masters' Association has recently attempted to focus attention on a particular type of curriculum and outlook. But of the many elementary courses on Biology this book undoubtedly outlines one of the best, and it is to be hoped that not only school pupils but also parents, and head teachers, will read and enjoy it, and in so doing will be helped to shape their lives more in relation to the needs of the present and the future.

S. MANGHAM.

WESSEX

WINCHESTER, by J. D'E. FIRTH, Assistant Master and Chaplain, Winchester College. *Blackie and Sons, Ltd.*, 1936. 5s. net.

The foundation of Winchester was a landmark in the history of English education. In addition to being a great school, she was the model for several of our leading Public Schools. Among her pupils was Thomas Arnold, who did more than any other man to create the nineteenth-century Public School system. That system is fundamentally unchanged to-day.

This book describes Winchester from William of Wykeham down to the present day. The author, the Rev. J. d'E. Firth, himself a Wykehamist and an Assistant Master at Winchester, describes his aim in the Preface:

"In writing this book I have tried to keep the balance, so far as is possible, between the requirements of the general reader and of the Wykehamist. My aim has been twofold—first, to survey the special history and characteristics of Winchester College, and secondly, to discuss its past and present significance in English education, and its contribution to English life."

This difficult balance has been essentially, if not mathematically, kept, in spite of an inevitably Wiccamical atmosphere which pervades the book. The general reader is naturally more interested in the more modern aspects of such an institution as Winchester, and the author has devoted considerably more than half the book to these subjects.

In fact, the whole attitude of the book is modern. Its author is not afraid to criticize. There is none of the prejudiced affection that is intentionally blind to faults in those things for which it cares most. The author, we feel, loves because he understands. He acknowledges the possibility of their being other and more general opinions which are no less just than those of most Wykehamists and their friends. Those who have a genuine affection for Winchester, but who refuse to see any point of view other than their own, will not like this book.

Mr. Firth takes full account of the post-war spread of democracy, and of the fact that its products are not likely to take for granted such institutions as Winchester. He gives a hint, however, of the marked, though smoothly organic changes which have been, and are taking place there. These unspectacular but far-reaching modifications, which are described in the second half of the book, are Winchester's answer to the twentieth century.

There is a significant passage on page 91: "Nothing is more striking than the pluck with which they (Wykehamists) will start in, if necessary, washing dishes and fixing gas cookers if that seems to them the first necessary step in a career." It may be plucky, because it is not easy, but in modern times it is often necessary and, for a short time, always desirable for a young man, especially a Wykehamist, to start his career by washing dishes in one way or another. When once he knows both sides of the picture—his own highly sheltered and "fortunate" school life and also the environment and mental outlook of the 99 per cent less fortunate than himself—(and it is well to remember that fortunate means lucky, not meritorious) then there is a good chance that he will justify his school. More materially, he will repay the large sums invested by his family in his elaborate and prolonged education. Otherwise, sooner or later,—and let us be quite frank about this—Winchester and her sisters will go. There are forces at work which do not tolerate the institution whose only justification is its antiquity. Mr. Firth's book is an indication that

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all is well, that both "dons" and "men in the school" are aware of the challenge and are responding to it. They do so in their own unassuming way, perhaps, as they have done in the past, but, in Mr. Firth's judgment, they are doing so effectively. In this connection, chapter VII, "Wykehamists in the World," is particularly interesting.

These are the ideas behind the book. It is an ideal of the author's profession, not so much to give conclusions as to stimulate thought. It is easy, particularly for a Wykehamist, to read this book with considerable pleasure at the just and humorous description of so much that is essentially pleasant, of the sunny, sheltered side of life, where a local civilization exists and seems far removed from life as most of us know it. It is typified, by "Gunners Hole." There is a picture of this most perfect bathing-place on page 136, a first-class photograph, like all the seven others. In it there is a boy clad only in a towel and a top-hat—a typically Wiccamical personification of freedom coupled with dignity. But if the reader is tempted to think that this type of institution exists beautifully, like a flower, without effort or justification other than its beauty, let him read the book again. He will find that it stimulates thought mainly on one subject: "Are the Wykehamists of the present day justifying that privileged, though temporary, existence and the position it brings?"

Not for one moment would the reviewer be thought to wish in any way to "run down" a place that has as strong a hold on his affection as Winchester. There are some who would expect a review by a Wykehamist of a book written by a Winchester master about Winchester to be a long paean of praise. What good would that do? Most Wykehamists will read this book almost as a matter of course. It is the general reader whom the reviewer hopes to convince that he will find something in it of vital interest to him, both as one who has undergone (or is undergoing) the process of education and as a potential or actual parent.

RICHARD BELGRAVE.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF MADRON, MORVAH AND PENZANCE.

H. R. JENNINGS, *Penzance*. pp. 119, maps, plates.

Cornwall has a sense of the unity of the past and present of land and people. Time, place and folk are one. Canon Jennings's book on Madron appears to be a miscellany of archaeology and history, with extracts from parish registers and churchwarden's accounts. But for the writer and for some readers it is much more than that. In it appear the concrete facts which link past and present. Roddas, Legows, Hoskyns are there now, and were there in Elizabeth's time; not great landowners, but the people of the parish. "Holed stones" and cromlechs are scattered over the landscape. The sacred well, the stones, the people now having a space relationship can be given back their time relationship, and the reader can consciously realize what Canon Jennings implicitly states, that Madron is and has been an entity and probably will continue so in the future. Britain has no large class permanently attached to the land, but here is material which shows that we have not completely lost all that gives France her numerous "pays." Yet the casual visitor who desires to "visit places of interest" will also find this book an admirable and absorbing guide to a fragment of Cornwall. It is pleasant to find that people will still write such books.

F. C. MILLER.

ALBINUS AND THE HISTORY OF MIDDLE PLATONISM, (Demy 8vo, pp. xii, 148), by R. E. WITT. 7/6 net. *Cambridge University Press.* Cambridge Classical Studies, vol. iii. 1937.

This new volume in the "Cambridge Classical Studies" series has a special interest for readers of *WESSEX*, in that it is perhaps the most important contribution to literary scholarship yet produced by a former student of University College, Southampton. Dr. Witt was the first scholar elected to the Sir Henry Milner-White entrance scholarship founded at the College in 1922. The work is an abridgement of a dissertation written at a later period during Dr. Witt's tenure of a Research Studentship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and approved in 1934 for the Degree of Ph.D. in that university. Its publication has been rendered possible by the assistance of the Cambridge Philological Society, and it is to be hoped that means may be found for the publication of Dr. Witt's emended text of the *Didaskalikos*, critical apparatus and other aids, which were submitted together with the dissertation. They are excluded from the present volume by considerations of space. We may say at once that the book, dealing as it does in detail with the tradition of Platonic thought in the first two centuries of our era, the period conveniently termed Middle Platonism, is primarily addressed to specialists. It is a detailed examination of the *Didaskalikos* of "Albinus" or "Alkinoos," as he is called in the MSS. of the *Didaskalikos*, although, as Dr. Witt shows in a chapter on "the writer," there is good reason to think that this ascription is an erroneous one. The *Didaskalikos*, a brief epitome of Plato's philosophy, is here studied in its relation to the relevant philosophies of the pre-Christian era and to the Neoplatonism of Plotinus. Although the work was held in high esteem when first published at the Renaissance period, and later went through several editions, interest in it declined from the eighteenth century onwards, and modern scholarship has been mistrustful of the views which were held of Plato in later antiquity. "Now it is quite true," says Dr. Witt, "that the writer of the work which we are about to study does not pursue the historical method which was so frequently applied in the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, it is obvious that a complete account such as he gives of the Platonic philosophy does not deserve to be completely neglected. For one of the functions of the historian is to judge the effects of events. Here we have a complete picture of the Platonic philosophy as it appeared to a writer who (as we shall subsequently see) was separated from Plato by a period of some five hundred years. There may be considerable distortion, the picture may even to some appear false. But, if only because of its antiquity, it ought not simply to be ignored by serious students of Platonic problems." Dr. Witt claims to be the first to make an exhaustive study of the treatise and in the course of it throws much light on many shadowy figures in the history of Platonism, whose works are known to us mainly or solely through the writings of others. Thus he devotes a chapter to the sources available for the study of Antiochus, to whom Cicero is much indebted in his philosophic writings, and brings him into relation with the eighth chapter of the *Miscellanies* of Clement of Alexandria, "whose fundamentally Antiochean character seems to have been hitherto quite unsuspected."

In a chapter on "Albinus as a Middle Platonist," Dr. Witt traces some of the threads from which the complex pattern of the philosophic thought of this period is woven. Many interesting points are raised in this brief survey, and its quality may be illustrated by the following paragraphs:—

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"In Cicero's day the school of Plato was ethical rather than religious. The philosophical outlook of Antiochus was in the main anthropocentric. For him *πίστις* had much epistemological, but no theological, importance. Whatever views may have been entertained on the subject by Posidonius, eschatology seems to have had no attraction for Antiochus, who occupied himself, in the manner of the early Stoics, with the problems of this life, knowledge and conduct being the chief of them. Two centuries later Platonism had experienced a transformation. The robust optimism and anthropocentric outlook which Antiochus shared with the Stoics no longer have the same appeal. Man is felt to be a mean and insignificant part of the universe : *ἐν πόσῳ βιολογῶ τῆς ἀλλης γῆς ἔρως* ; it is true that this is the utterance, not the of Platonist professor but of the Stoic emperor. Yet Marcus Aurelius here expresses, albeit in an exaggerated form, the view which was accepted at this time by philosophers of every school."

Discussion of the many detailed questions raised in a book so full of matter must be left to the specialist journals. Serious students of the Platonic tradition will find in it a valuable treatment of a difficult period, and Dr. Witt is to be congratulated on a very solid and thorough piece of work.

G. F. FORSEY.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL COURSES ORGANIZED BY THE DEPARTMENT
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SESSION 1936-1937.

(N.B.—This list does not include numerous one-year and terminal courses organized in conjunction with the Workers' Educational Association in various parts of the Wessex area.)

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION COURSES.

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Alresford	...	10.	The Economic Development of the British Empire.	Mr. D. Tyerman.
Boldre	...	10.	The Beginnings of Modern Europe. 1378-1500.	Professor R. R. Betts.
"	...	10.	Europe in the Sixteenth Century.	Professor R. R. Betts.
Botley	...	10.	Europe and the French Revolution.	Professor R. R. Betts.
"	...	10.	The Beginnings of Modern Europe.	Professor R. R. Betts.
Fareham	...	10.	Early Christian Life and Literature.	Rev. R. Martin Pope.
Hamble	...	10.	The Thinking Mind.	Mr. G. Dudley.
Hursley	...	14.	International Affairs in Europe. 1919-1936.	Mr. W. Taplin.
Milford-on-Sea	...	10.	International History. 1918-1936.	Mr. J. W. Ackroyd.
"	"	...	10.	Modern European History. Mr. J. W. Ackroyd.
Romsey	...	12.	The Beginnings of Modern Europe. 1378-1500.	Professor R. R. Betts.
"	...	10.	Europe in the Sixteenth Century.	Professor R. R. Betts.
Southampton	...	10.	Modern English Writers.	Professor V. de S. Pinto.
"	...	10.	Our Language.	Dr. S. Potter.
"	...	10.	The Ancient World.	Professor G. F. Forsey.
Winchester	...	10.	Modern English Writers.	Professor V. de S. Pinto.

Sussex.

Horsham	...	10.	The Philosophy of Religion.	Professor A. A. Cock.
Worthing	...	10.	Current International Affairs.	Mr. H. Boyden.
Felpham	...	6.	Music.	Dr. Harvey Grace.
Chichester	...	6.	Current International Affairs.	Mr. J. R. Armstrong.

Isle of Wight.

Niton	...	10.	Modern World Problems.	Mr. W. Taplin.
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Sandown	...	10.	Some Aspects of Modern Literature.	Mrs. G. M. Hay.
"	...	10.	The Universe and Its Structure.	Dr. H. Howell.

LECTURES


TUTORIAL CLASSES.

Year of the Class.

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Gosport ...	1st "	International Relations.	Mr. J. W. Ackroyd.
Petersfield ...	1st "	Economics and Economic History.	Mr. J. R. Armstrong.
Poole ...	1st "	Modern Civilization.	Mr. M. Hughes.
Southampton ...	1st "	Modern European History.	Professor R. R. Betts.
Portsmouth ...	2nd "	Morals in the Making.	Mr. G. G. Dudley.
Lancing ...	3rd "	Economics.	Mr. J. Parker.
Southampton ...	3rd "	Psychology.	Mr. G. G. Dudley.
Portsmouth ...	4th "	Problems of Modern States.	Mr. D. Tyerman.

The Editor of *Wessex* begs to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following periodicals:—*The Durham University Journal*, *The Gobbli*, *The Kent County Magazine*, *The New Northman* (Queen's University, Belfast), *The Rydeian*, *The Southampton Girls' Grammar School Magazine*, *The West Saxon*.

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THE HARROWING OF HELL.

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by J. B. LEISHMAN.

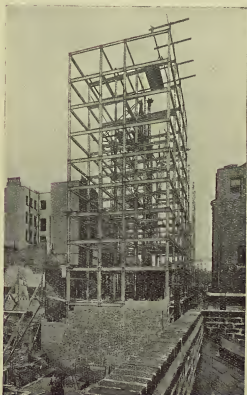
BEATEN at last, his being escaped from the terrible
body of pain. Upwards. Left it.
And lonely Dark was afraid,
and flung at the pallor
bats in whose evening flitting there flutters still
fear of colliding
with that chilled anguish. Dim restless air
depressed itself on the corpse, while gloomy aversion
rose in the powerful vigilant creatures of night.
His discharged spirit, perhaps, had thought of remaining
inactively in the landscape. The immeasurable act of his suffering
would last him awhile. There was measure,
he felt, in the cool nocturnal presence of things
he now, like a lonely room, began to enclose.
But Earth, parched up in the thirst of his wounds, split open,
Earth split open, and all profundity thundered.
He, passed master in torments, heard all Hell
howling for confirmation
of his completed pain: that her continuing torture
might tremble at hint of an end in the end of his endless.
And, ghost as he was, he plunged with the downward weight
of all his weariness: hastily strode
through the startled backward stare of pasturing shadows,
hurriedly lifted his eyes to Adam,
hurried down, disappeared, re-appeared, to vanish in plunging
of wilder depths. Suddenly (higher, higher), above the centre
of surging cries, stepped out on the top
of his tall unrailed tower of endurance: breathless:
stood, surveyed his estate of Pain, was silent.

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VOL. 4 NO. 1. WESSEX 1937.